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Pasquita

A ROMANCE OF THE PHILIPPINES

An Operetta in One Act

Text and Music by
ALFRED G. WATHALL

Price, $1.00

FILLMORE MUSIC HOUSE

528 Elm St., CINCINNATI, O. 41-43 Bible House, NEW YORK

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1910

PASQUITA

A Romance

of the Philippines

AN OPERETTA IN ONE ACT

Text and Music by

ALFRED G. WATHALL

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177329

FILLMORE MUSIC HOUSE

528 Elm St. Cincinnati, O.

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P-75

Author's Foreword.

This operetta was written at the instance of the publishers for the express purpose of providing an entertainment which would appeal to the members of a band and their friends. Bands, like most other social organizations, require funds for their successful upkeeping; and, (since there is perhaps no field of endeavor more fruitful of pleasure than that of amateur opera, conscientiously done,) it was thought good to furnish something in which the bandsmen themselves could take part, shining as actors and players, players alone, or actors alone, according to their individual talents.

As the work progressed, however, the impression was borne in on me that any fairly capable company of young people could give it; such as church choirs, dramatic societies, etc., and with very little trouble.

In Messrs Fillmore's supplementary pamphlet on "Pasquita," to be had for the asking, such as are interested in amateur operatics will find a series of suggestions which will, I think, cover almost any situation; and the mere fact that the work involves a stage band need not deter any from looking further into the subject. Bandsmen will also do well to send for the booklet, as its hints and helps are intended to make thoroughly feasible the production of "Pasquita" without necessarily employing a professional coach or stage manager.

Briefly, then, the music all being for medium voices, the situations more or less simple, costuming not too elaborate, and characterization not too subtle, the author hopes for a careful consideration of his work, written especially for amateurs and their needs.

He would urge upon aspiring beginners the observance of the following general rules, based on a somewhat interesting personal experience, in rehearsals.

1. Be serious.
2. Enunciate your lines very carefully.
3. Give intelligent and painstaking attention to detail in gestures and stage pictures.
4. Get good bright tempos and nice shadings in the music.
5. Maintain a cordial co-operation between all forces, and
6. "Never say die."

Alfred G. Wathall.

Chicago, Summer, 1910.

N. B. All necessary band parts and orchestrations may be rented from the publishers.

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Cast of Characters.

PASQUITA, a Filipino belle . . . . . *Soprano*

LIEUT. WALKER, U. S. A. . . . . *Tenor or Baritone*

HERMAN SCHNITZEL, bandmaster . . . . . *Baritone*

MATUSCO, a Filipino spy . . . . . *Baritone*

BILL,
MIKE, American bandsmen

'ZEKE, a sentry . . . . . *Tenor or Baritone*

JAMALAL,
BINGDAD, Native servants

Chorus of Natives, girls and men; American soldiers, and bandsmen.

Time, close of the Spanish-American war. Place, Cavite, P. I.

Suggestions for Costuming.

(Study the illustrations well.)

PASQUITA. *Filipino girl, with more brilliant colors than the rest. A good deal of Spanish Gypsy about her.*

LIEUT. WALKER. *Regulation uniform.*

SCHNITZEL. *Pretty well battered uniform, with showy decorations for theatrical effect. German "comedy make-up."*

BILL. *Burly bandsman, rather handsome.*

MIKE. *Irishman.* 'ZEKE. *Yankee farmer.*

JAMALAL, BINGDAD. *Bright colors.* MATUSCO.(*) *As per illustration, but more of a villain.*

CHORUS. *Girls not too gaudy; shortish skirt. Men, (if representing Filipino band,) white loose clothes, straw hats. (If as ordinary natives,) modified copy of Bing. and Jam. (If U. S. bandsmen,) khaki with blue shirts. Try to get a little individuality here and there.*

(*) Matusco should, according to dialogue, wear a big black mustache.

PASQUITA.

SLAVE.

FILIPINO BANDSMAN.

FILIPINO GIRL.

Glossary of Spanish words, with translation and pronunciation.

NOTE. Spanish is uttered rapidly and softly, with but little accent as we know it.

Senor, sen-yor *Sir.*

Senorita, sen-o-reeta *Miss; young lady.*

Comandante, cum-on-dahnt *Commander.*

Caballero, cob-bol-lay-ro *Cavalier.*

Pasquita, Poss-kee-ta *A girl's name.*

Adios, ah-dee-oce *Farewell; goodbye.*

Ah! galan Capitan! ah! gal-lahn capitahn, *Ah! gallant captain!*

Magnifico, mog-nee-fee-ko *Magnificent.*

Adios mio capitan. ah-dee-oce mee-o cap-itahn *Goodbye, my captain.*

Adios mia senorita. ah-dee-oce mee-a sen-o-reeta *Goodbye, my young lady.*

Mustacho. mus-tah-cho; *(hard c-h)* *Mustache.*

José, Hozay *A man's name.*

Madre de Dios! Mah-drr-duh Dee-oce! *A Spanish oath, literally "Mother of God."*

Pomposo, pum-po-so *Pompous.*

Gloria! glo-ree-ah *Glory.*

Triunfo! tree-un-fo *Triumph!*

NOTE. If these words should seem too troublesome, or objectionable from any other viewpoint, eliminate at pleasure, or use English equivalents.

Scene.

Early morning. The scene represents the bandroom and general headquarters of a detachment of U. S. troops, stationed at Cavite, Philippine Islands, during the Spanish-American war. A plain room, with semi-Spanish and oriental furnishings. Door *left.* Door *right.* Open door and open window *at back.* Tropical scene visible through back door and window. A desk at *right, towards back,* with papers. A large map on the wall behind desk, and a chair at desk. A few simple pictures on walls. Some books on a shelf, or on a small table, in *left corner, back.* Military trophies, flags, etc. Hanging on the wall over bookshelf or table, a baritone and a cornet, somewhat the worse for wear. A chair, *left.*

Sentry, carrying rifle, sleepily pacing to and fro outside, yawning and scratching head, as curtain goes up.

Chorus of Native Girls and American Soldiers heard *offstage.*

Supplementary Suggestions

FOR STAGING THE OPERETTA "PASQUITA"

IN "PASQUITA" the publishers believe they are offering the public an exceptionally attractive entertainment. It is not every day that such an inspiration is put before them. With its simple though beautiful music, amusing situations, dramatic climax and picturesque setting, it is at once easy of performance and thoroughly effective. The author has done fine work without, for one moment, taking it beyond the capabilities of an ordinarily talented amateur company.

We anticipate that "PASQUITA" will be heartily welcomed wherever a beautiful play for amateurs is wanted. While originally intended for the use of bands, as a medium wherein they could appear and perform selections on the stage with the assistance of friends interested in operatics, it is highly adaptable to the requirements of any young people's organization, like a choir or a dramatic society. A full band is by no means absolutely necessary, and the author has submitted suggestions by the aid of which the operetta can be performed without any more expense or trouble than is usually incurred at such functions.

Here follow the suggestions, addressed to both bands and others:

BANDMEN getting up the entertainment will doubtless have no difficulty in recruiting a female chorus from among their friends and relatives. They can rely on their own fellows for the tenors and basses, and again upon their acquaintances in case there should be any excessive modesty as to vocal ability.

A large chorus in this operetta will be just as easy to handle as a small one, and better for the heavy finale number. As to the principal characters, if the band contains experienced actors, or talented and ambitious men capable of carrying the main parts effectively, all well and good. But since the principals are never actually called on to play instruments (save Jamalal and Bingdad, who do not utter a word), these can very likely be had from local choir circles or dramatic clubs. The more proficient the actors playing parts like those of Lieutenant Walker, Pasquita, Matusco and Schnitzel, for instance, the more dramatic and "snappy" the show will be. The minor parts present no difficulties.

The producer will now and then see opportunities for elaborate stage pictures, and the introduction of extra musical and other specialties.

These depend upon the ability of the company and the length of entertainment desired. Care should be taken not to hinder the action unnecessarily with such interpolations; and, of course, "encores" are always counted in as time, and are the rule in all amateur work for obvious reasons. Good "encores" are either from a given point in a long number, or one verse over again in a short one.

It is recommended that a small orchestra occupy the usual position in front, though, if expense is hereby to be considered, a piano alone will suffice. Possibly there will be places in the show where a clever instrumental soloist may appear to advantage. All such considerations must be left to the musical director, your leader, who should conduct in front of the stage, and intrust the working together behind scenes to some assistant with a quick ear.

Choirs and Dramatic Clubs will find it practicable to produce the band effects in the following manner:

If you are not in touch with members of an amateur band (and bear in mind they must be pretty good if you do use amateurs, or they will take the edge off your show), hire about five or six professionals, with the understanding that they are to play on stage *in costume*. They are used to such engagements, and will soon see just what you want, especially if your stage manager shows them a copy of the play. Detail some one to give them all cues for off-stage work — some one who is a capable musician himself — and augment the band with a few "dummies," men pretending to play on either real or imitation instruments. Such imitation instruments are to be hired from a costumer's, or perhaps real instruments can be collected in various quarters. A little drilling should make this an acceptable substitute for a complete band. See that all goes well, and all "cues" are properly understood at the final rehearsal.

Further, members of choirs, dramatic societies, etc., employing professional or other bandmen should take great care to arrange two details nicely: First, the effect of distance, where the band plays behind scenes, can be got by having the band in a room with a partly or entirely closed door, if such is adjacent to stage. The effect of coming gradually nearer — as, for instance, on the "Native Chorus" — may be produced by carefully manipulating this door. If no such door is available, the men should stand as far away as possible from wings and play so softly that they do not drown out singers or actors. A little tactful effort in this matter, by one who is himself a musician, will do wonders. As a last resort the men might play with mutes in their instruments, at least some of them. But this makes it very difficult to blow, and is not nearly the same, or as good, musically.

Here is an important detail: Have your professional players (those who actually play on the stage in last number) costumed as *American* bandmen, for they are the only bandmen on the stage at that point. The Filipino bandmen (non-musicians) will have to carry the instruments in, when the whole party arrives to make gay in the Valse Espagnole, of course, but they never *play*. They lay the instruments down as soon as they enter and the professionals take them up when required. All the off-stage playing is done, naturally, by the professionals.

A large band is not necessary, but more than just a quartet of performers is needed, or else the musical volume will not be sufficient to accomplish the illusion. If advice is required as to what men to hire, what combination to use, or all the proper instruments are not available in your town, the Fillmore Music House will be glad to advise you and help you out of any little dilemma. They can furnish you with all parts for the band, and, on notification, possibly can supply you with just that particular combination of parts you are, of necessity, forced to make shift with.

Perhaps you have but a limited fund for the professional musicians involved. In that case you can use a single piano, or a trio of instruments, consisting of piano, violin, and 'cello, in front of stage, and pay for your band with what you save there. All in all, the entire outlay need not be more than that usually expended on an orchestra for such things.

Finally, to all interested people alike we might caution economy in the matter of costuming, if raising a sum of money is aimed at. (Of course, as hinted before, the effectiveness of the production will be greatly enhanced by a generous mounting.)

The young ladies will, perhaps, prefer to make or concoct their own costumes. If so, the illustrations in the book will show sufficiently well the proper cut of skirt and bodice. The colors must be imagined, more or less; but as the young ladies always prefer to suit themselves in that particular, we need not try to outline color schemes here. Be careful not to use too much of any one color, especially warm tints like red and bright yellow.

The skirt is of any solid dark color, or of brighter materials in patterns or stripes. The waist or bodice is of light, lacy stuff, and the cut of the collar and sleeves is especially to be noticed.

For the men the pictures will help, but a costumer will be a better guide. In the case of the American soldiers, some should be smart and absolutely correct, others "rough and tumble," like soldiers on campaigning duty. The Filipinos' costumes can be got together with little difficulty at home, old straw hats and white duck trousers being the main

features. The coat should be white, like a barber's, but similar materials will suggest themselves if this is not forthcoming.

The "make-up" should be intrusted to either a professional or a very good amateur. If this item is done poorly it will be a serious drawback, and hamper the realism of the performance not a little. Filipinos are swarthy, but with something of the Mongolian complexion.

The chorus girl always does away with too much "realism" of "make-up" when Oriental types are concerned, but, nevertheless, a tiny tinge of the olive complexion, especially if she be a brunette, will make her look more like a Filipino belle than a pink cheek, blue eye and blonde curls.

Much can be made of Schnitzel's and the two Slaves' costumes. Give attention to guitars, castanets, mandolins, and anything which would supply "local color."

It would be a good idea to have a second piano behind the scenes to keep singers on the pitch in those numbers which occur there; and let the musicians in front of stage follow carefully those off stage. It is hard to hear from behind the scenes when you are singing or playing there yourself.

Last of all — get the words out to the audience, and put lots of life and movement into your evolutions and acting.

In conclusion, the publishers feel that in thus putting forth a work especially built for amateurs, though on more or less up-to-date professional lines, they are opening out a new source of practical material for all such as love the good old-fashioned comic operas. "Pinafore" and "The Mikado" are wonderful, but have been done to death, almost. Even where a company has done these and other operas with success, it is hard to find pieces with which to keep up the good work, unless the company is unusually clever, or has unlimited resources and much time for rehearsal. Modern copyrighted works are, of course, quite unavailable; most of the better old-time successes are too involved and costly.

Mr. Wathall has a gifted choir of his own, in Chicago, who produce at least one original work of this kind each year, and as it was he who wrote that splendidly successful "Sultan of Sulu" music, a few years ago, and half a dozen smaller works for his choir in addition, we are certain that in publishing his latest, "PASQUITA," we are offering something decidedly to the point and useful. If you are beginners, just try it, and see if it isn't great fun. If old hands, scan the full score and dialogue, that's all.

FILLMORE MUSIC HOUSE
528 Elm Street CINCINNATI, OHIO

Opening Chorus.

(off stage.)

Allegretto grazioso.

f

(Curtain.)

(FILIPINO GIRLS)

p

1. Bask in the o - ri - ent sun - shine, Rest - ing from war's a
2. Think not of hur - ry and tur - moil, Soul that with ar - dor did

(AMERICAN SOLDIERS)

p

p

larms; Breath - ing the o - dors of E - den, Ca -
burn; Sol - dier you may leave to - mor - row Ah!

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mf *f*

joled by fem - in - ine charms.
nev - er more to re - turn.

1-2. Sing a wild Yo -

f

mf *f*

mf

ho - i - o!

Sing a sweet Lo - lo - i - o!

1 *dim.*

Strum on your Span-ish gui - tar,

Breez - es will waft it a -

dim.

poco rit. a tempo

far! Breez - es will waft it a - far!

poco rit. a tempo

mf

2

dim.

far, Breez - es will waft it a - far,

dim.

poco rit. a tempo dim.

Breez - es will waft it a - far!

poco rit.

cresc.

accel.

f

(Enter Schnitzel through door at back, followed very deferentially by the two natives, Jamalal and Bingdad.)

SCHNITZEL. Ach, vat pretty notes dose dark skint peaudies do make indeed. Dey mostly got faces like a turnip mit cloves stuck in it, but dey all undershtant moosic chust der same. I almost vish I vas a porn Filipperiner myself. Den I vould not ondly haf chust talent, I vould be a rigler chenius! *(To Jam. and Bing.)* Now, you two yellow monkeys mit der solid marble heads, haf you learnt how to blow dat C scale yet, or am I to commit suicide about it and end all my troubles for effer? Take your instruments. *(They grin and do so, reaching down the baritone and cornet from the wall; left. He seats himself on chair, left, and they advance to front, in very awkward attitudes.)*

SCHNITZEL. (drawing forth red handkerchief.) Ach, so, dat is right! Now, ven der professor has viped his nose ve vill commence. Vone, two, t'ree. (*) Jetzt, meine kinder, ganz piano! Begin! *(They make a ridiculous discord, softly. Schnitzel rises hurriedly.)* Ach Himmel! Don't! It makes me de goose flesh all ofer! I guess ve give it up today. Der sturgeon tolt me if I don't loog out I git de inflammatory spassamagitis. I don't know vat *is* it, but it's all *your* fault, I know dat! Put 'em avay. Put 'em back in de corner.

(He fans and mops his face with handkerchief while they sulkily put the instruments back. They stand in awkward postures near the bookshelf.)

SCHNITZEL. Vell, shtill it ain't eferybody got two whole serfants to himself. *(laughs.)* Putty goot pay for such short lessons, ha? But how *can* I make de lessons lonker? Cherman flesh and plood cuddent shtand for it. Not in *dis* climate. *(To Jamalal.)* Have you fixed dat rip in my Sunday pants and took dose two inches off, vat I tolt you? Hurry up and git 'em; I vant to go wisitink dis afternoon by der ladies out. *(Jam. does a deep oriental bow and hurries off right.) (Schnitzel, to Bingdad)* And you - let me see dat new drum maychor's gap, vat I bought at Vanilla for fifty cents, but vat got shot to peezes in de last skirmidge. Mebbe I can still vear it if you dit a nize chob. Be quick.

(Exit Bingdad, left. Re-enter Jam.)

(*) Pronunciation. "Yetzt, minay kinder," "Gonts pee*ah*no!" *(German and Italian meaning "Now, my children, very softly?")*

SCHNITZEL, (as Jam. kneels before him with the folded up trousers.) Ach dat's a fine feller! I guess dey vill loog putty, ha? *(Unfolds and measures them on himself. They are cut off at the knees, and have a brilliant red flannel patch in the seat.)* Chumpink Chimince! Vat's dis? You haf took it off by der ka-nees? I ondly said *two inches;* du Schmierkäse du. (*) *(Strikes him across the face with the pants; Jam. flies off right, followed by Schnitz. crying "Inches! Inches! du Leberwuerst!")* (**) *Schnitzel, (stopping at the door, and flinging pants off stage.)* I am ruined! Dat's de ondly pair of wisitink pants I hat!

(Enter Bingdad with the cap under a cloth. He kneels and uncovers it. Schnitzel, in a temper, snatches it away from him and shrieks, staggering about the stage, covering eyes. Bingdad rises hastily and shivers, his knees knocking together, etc. The cap is of some bright color, like a daring green, or sky blue, the shape of a Union army or French infantry cap, and the circular top is entirely missing, or else hanging on a very slender hinge. A gaudy yellow plume, all nicked and chopped with the scissors, dangles like a tail from the back of the cap, while a gold braid chin strap is attached to the peak in front, in a graceful loop. It is full of holes, darned in bright-hued worsted.)

SCHNITZEL. Help, I'm faintink! Loog at it! *(Puts it on)* Guess you like to see all de people t'row rotten eggs at me on de street, ha? Git out here before I *kill* you mit it!! *(Chases him around stage. Bingdad escapes Left. Schnitzel flings it to the floor, jumps on it, and kicking it about, finally picks it up and throws it violently out of the window, hitting the Sentry with it.)*

'ZEKE, THE SENTRY, (sticking head and bayonet through window, fiercely.) Here, quit *that!* I've been on this etarnal job all night an' I'm *nervous. (yawns)* If ye make me jump like that again I might take ye fer a wild Tagalag and fill ye plumb full o' cold lead *(yawns)*

SCHNITZEL, (retreating) Eggscooze me, blease. I didn't mean no harm. *(yawns)*

SENTRY. Well, I'm just kinder warnin' ye. *(disappears.)*

SCHNITZEL. T'anks. I'm efer so much obliged you didn't shoot. *(yawns)* I vish de whole Fullaperuna Islands vas at de bottom o' de ocean. Soldchiers and serfants ain't so fresh ofer in Chermany. Sometimes I vish I'd shtayed dere. An' den again sometimes I vish I hadn't. Oh vell, vat's de use *vorry*ink? I used to have goot times vonce in a vile, anyhow.

(*) Pronunciation "Doo Shmearcase, doo" *(You smearcheese, you)*
(**) "Doo Laybervurrsht" (or vusht) *(You liversausage)*

Chermany.

(SCHNITZEL.)

Allegro moderato.

f

1. Ven I vas a lee - dle kid I
2. Ven I'm sev - en - teen, or less, I
3. Den in - to de ar - my, vat! Vere
4. Ven de cap - tain roll de call Of

mf *p*

al - vays dit as I vas bid, I cud - den't nef - fer mis - be - hafe, Vas
guess I'm put - ty green, oh yes! My fa - der vants me earn my pay De
Hoch der Kai - ser makes it hot, Dey march us up a ten mile hill An'
course I vas - n't dere at all, No, I vas vash - ink off my faze Und

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al - vays goot to ud - ders; If some - times at de break - fast hour De
same as ud - der fell - us; I vork so hart in a boi - ler shop De
fife times roun' de town, boys! Ve march a - cross a rus - tic britch, My
feel - ink fe - ry crank - y. I says "Dere's nut - tink else to do, De

prunes vas bad, de mush vas sour, I ate my own an' den, to safe Him
boss, he begs of me to shtop, He says, "You bed - der go a - vay, De
foot slipped, I vent in de ditch, Dey did - n't see me take der spill, So
gat - link guns is af - ter you, You bed - der live some ud - der plaze," Dat's

f

pain, I ate my brud - der's! Ach ja!(*)
ud - der men is chel - lus! Ach ja!
left me up side down, boys! Ach ja!
vy I am a Yan - kee! Ach ja!

cresc.

(*) ja! (yah) *yes.*

P

mf

Cher - ma - ny! de land of my birt'! Oh,
Cher - ma - ny! de land of my birt'! Oh,
Cher - ma - ny! de land of my birt'! Oh,
Cher - ma - ny! de land of my birt'! Oh,

mf

cresc.

Cher - ma - ny! de dear - est shpot on eart'! I
Cher - ma - ny! de dear - est shpot on eart'! He
Cher - ma - ny! de dear - est shpot on eart'! Dey
Cher - ma - ny! de dear - est shpot on eart'! "You

cresc.

f

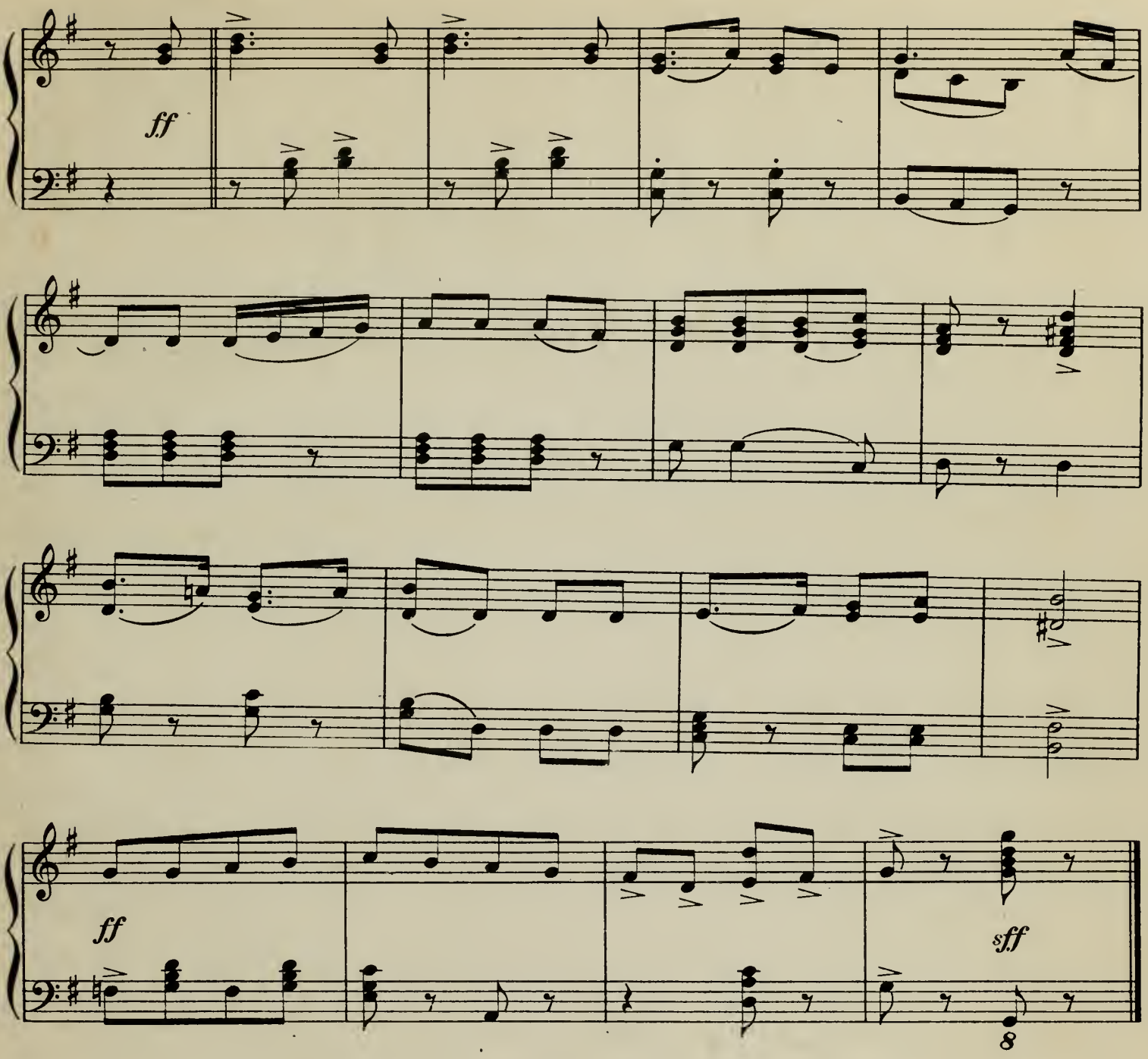
D. C.

ate my own an' den, to safe Him pain, I ate my brud - der's!
says "You bed - der go a - vay, de ud - der men is chel - lus!
did - n't see me take der spill, So, left me up - side down, boys!
bed - der live some ud - der plaze," Dat's vy I am a Yan - kee!

f

D. C.

DANCE *(after verse 4.)*



(Dances wildly to above medley of patriotic airs, and mops bald head at finish.)

(Enter Lieutenant Walker, who goes immediately over to the desk.)

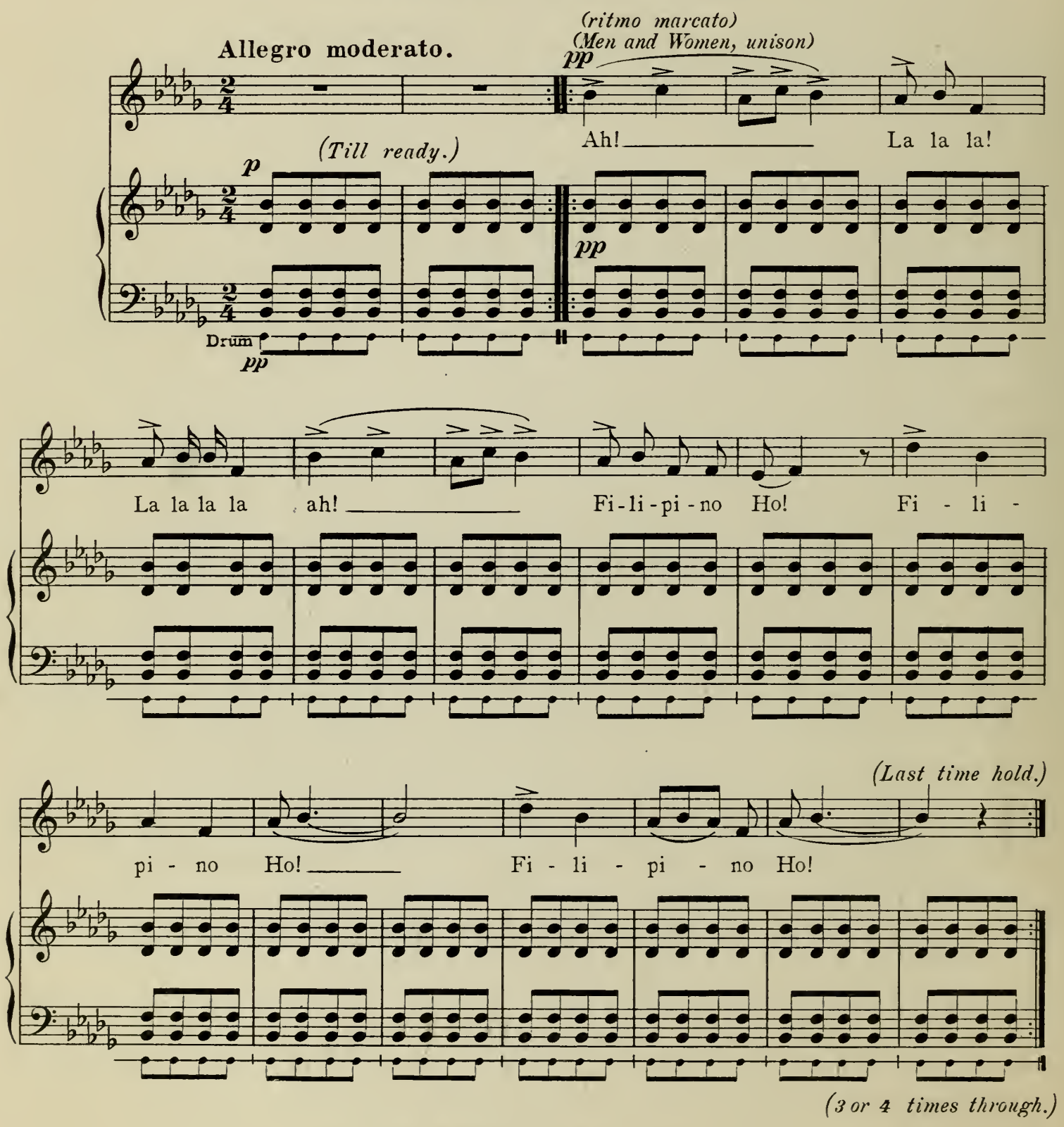
LIEUTENANT. (amused.) Goodmorning, Schnitzel, you're as frisky as an Indiana squirrel. Wish I felt half so chipper.

SCHNITZEL. (saluting.) Goot mornink, Lieutenant. Vy yes, I'm feelink putty goot fer a olt man.

LIEUT. (examining papers and occasionally consulting map.) There's the biggest bunch of girls and native hoodlums coming up the road. I wonder what the fuss is all about. *(Singing heard.)* Listen, they're begining one of those queer songs of theirs again. *(The two listen.)*

This number should be managed very carefully, as indeed must all music behind scenes. If two pianos are available, one in front and one behind scenes, the safest way of ensuring correct pitch and tempo would be to use the one off stage for such numbers. A Drum to softly mark the rythm is characteristic, and where Schnitzel looks out of window too see what's going on, several wind instruments, (reed if present,) carefully blown, should chime in. (This could be arranged so as to fall on the last time of singing the tune. Stress is laid upon the importance of not drowning out the voices of the actors on the stage; who in turn must speak up loudly enough to be heard.)

Native Chorus.



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(Following dialogue simultaneous with "Native Chorus.")

SCHNITZEL. (singing continues, softly at first, then louder.) Ach, Lieutenant, dat ain't queer! Dat's superb moosic; if you could ondly undershtand it! Beats racktime all holler, Lieutenant!

LIEUT. Yes, but that's just the trouble; I *don't* understand it. To me it sounds like *(absorbed in his papers, and seating himself at desk)* hum! I must have a new map made of - er - this is getting pretty dirty. *(looking in a drawer)* I wonder what the Colonel did with ah-um! Here it is. *(Reads a paper.) (A band joins in on the singing.)*

SCHNITZ. (looking out at window.) Vy, dere's a band, too. Dat ain't none of our boys, neider. Vat can it be? *(Music grows louder.)*

(Enter Bill; through door at back.)

BILL, (saluting Lieut.) 'Mornin' sir! *(Lieut. barely notices him, absorbed.)*

(To Schnitz.) Say, you oughter come out and see this travellin' native band, perfessor. Finest ye ever heard, on the square. Listen, aint it great? Come on! *(Exit)*

SCHNITZ. I vas chust goink to, Bill. *(Follows him. The music stops. A short pause.)*

(Enter, from rear door, Pasquita, stealthily.)

PASQUITA. Senor! Senor comandante!

LIEUT. (starting) Hey?

PASQUITA. (excited.) I no speaka de Ingleesh ver' well. You listen me! *Spy* coming here. Look out! Perhaps dey maka da gran' murder! Ha! *(A shout outside.)*

LIEUT.; (coming quietly round to her.) How excited the girl is! Spies, you say? How do *you* know?

PASQUITA. Aha! I knowa da ver' well! You hear da noise, da shout-a?

LIEUT.; Yes, what of it?

PASQUITA. (coming close and talking violently into his ear.) Matusco! Matusco! Look out - a for him! Killa him quick!

LIEUT. Who is Matusco? What's he done?

PASQUITA. Ah! what-a do he *not* do! Shoot-a ma fāder! Steal-a ma modder's money! Long time ago! Make-a da bad love to me! To *me!* You kill-a him! He play - a de beaut'ful band. All spy! All spy!

LIEUT. (quietly) Oh! I see. *(Takes revolver from drawer in desk and slips it into pocket.)* I'll keep my eyes open. Thanks, senorita.

PASQUITA. (triumphantly) Aha! I bring-a you down at last, Matusco! *(With an elaborate bow,)* A-dios, mio comandante! *(Exit, back.)*

LIEUT., (throwing kiss, which she does not observe.) Adios, mia senorita! By Jove, she's a peach, and no mistake! Glad the colonel left me in charge today. Wonder if this is straight goods or only some petty lovers' quarrel? These Filipinos are so vengeful. Just as well to be prepared, though. *(Looks out at window.)* Here comes the native band; what tramps they look! Guess I'm in for a daylight serenade.

(Short Filipino March; played off stage; during which Lieutenant tries to look pleased, occasionally saluting people outside. At conclusion, loud cries of "Hoorah!" "Fine!" "Great" etc. off stage.)

Filipino March.

(BAND OFFSTAGE.)

Tempo di Marcia

f-p

mf-p

feroce.

f-ff

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(Enter Schnitzel.)

SCHNITZ. (beside himself with enthusiasm.) Ach! Ain't dey simbly immense, Lieutenant! An' say, you oughter know dat Flipperino *leader!* Such a man! *(Lieut. is bored and sits down.)* Vy, he's ondly peen here quarter of a hour and he knows all our segrets alretty! *(Gestures of unutterable admiration.)*

LIEUT. (jumping up, angry.) What? Has anybody been tomfool enough to show them our— what do you *mean?*

SCHNITZ. (frightened and staggering back.) Gootness graciousness, Lieutenant; how you fr-righten me! Vat on eart' do *you* mean?

LIEUT. (sternly) What have you been telling this man?

SCHNITZ. (laughing immoderately as he sees the situation.) Oh! hahahaha! *I* don't mean vat *you* mean. *I* mean dey are so qvick at catchink up *tunes,* and tricks of de trade, from us band moosicians. Dey know more 'Merican airs as *I* do!

LIEUT. Oh!— Well you be careful that's *all* they pick up, Mr. Schnitzel, or you'll be called to account for it. Remember, *I'm* in charge today; and I'm not going to be made a monkey of, by anybody. *(Struts about.)*

SCHNITZ. Vy, Lieutenant, vat a idee!

LIEUT. (sourly.) Look out they don't run away with your instruments. Filipinos are born thieves.

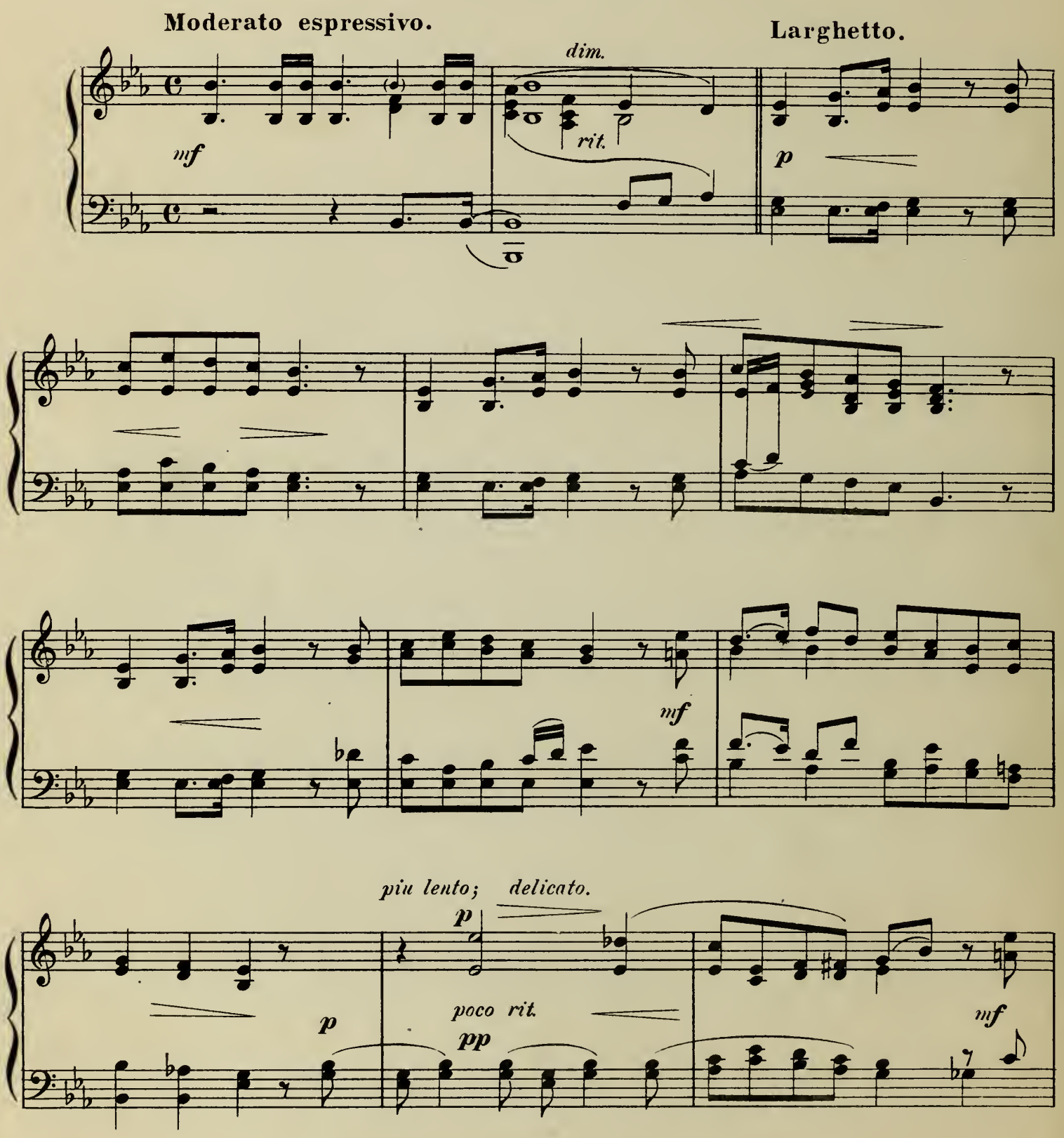
SCHNITZ. (assuringly.) Oh, not dese fellers. Vy, dat Matusky, how dey call him, he speaks English as vell as I do. He says his fader vas a Spanish nopleman. Mercy! *He* vuddent steal a flea! *(Exit, back.)*

LIEUT. (laughing softly.) Schnitzel's a good soul, and has plenty of common sense, for a simple-minded chap. But great Grief! Let anybody merely mention *music!* And they can strip him of ev'ry stitch; and have the hide thrown in for good measure. *(looking out of window; sarcastically,)* Yes! I must say! You look like a nobleman! Hello *our* band's going to play. I'll sit down and enjoy this. *(Sits at desk, in free and easy style, smoking.)*

Medley of Plantation Songs.

(BAND, CORNET OR BARITONE SOLOS, BRASS QUARTET, ETC. OFF STAGE.)

Cue "I'll sit down and enjoy this."



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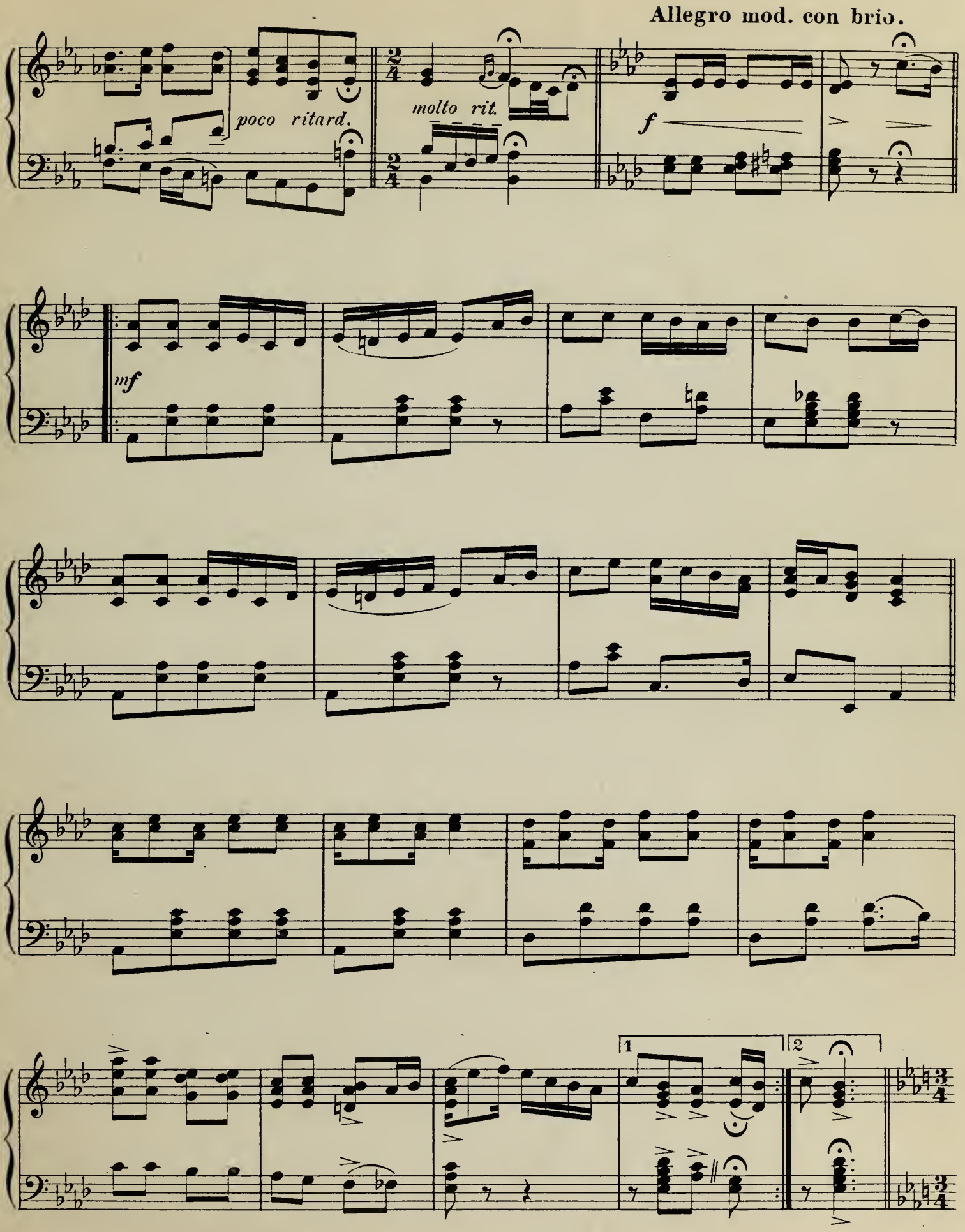
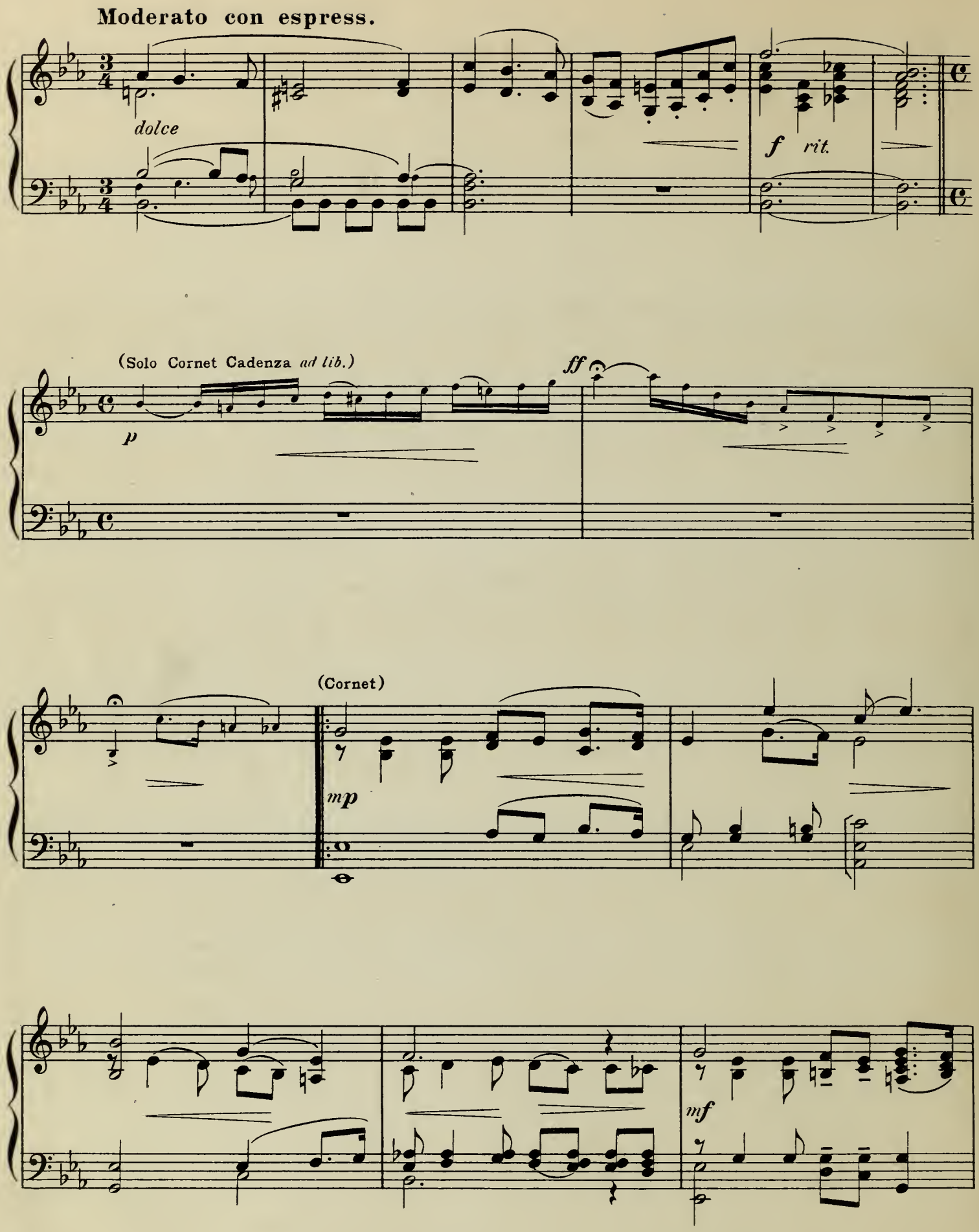
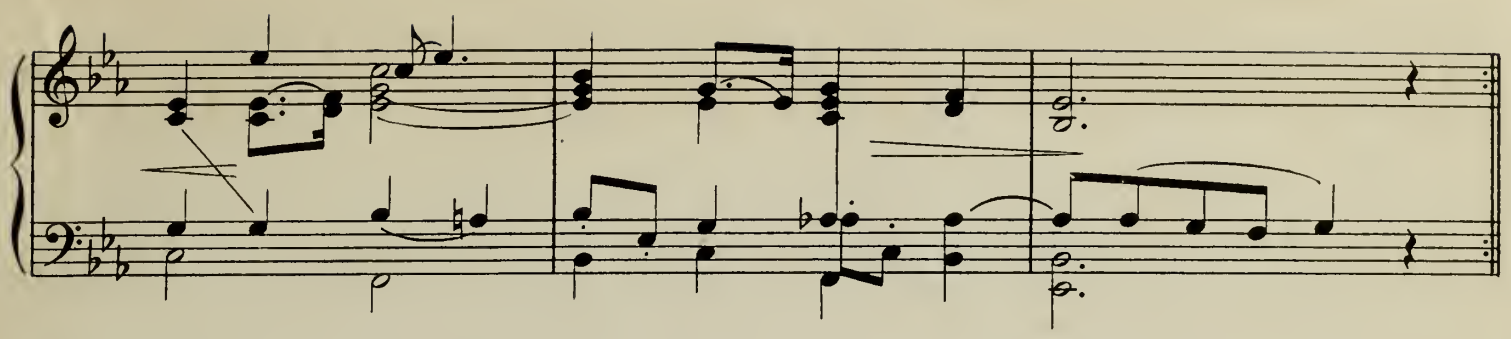
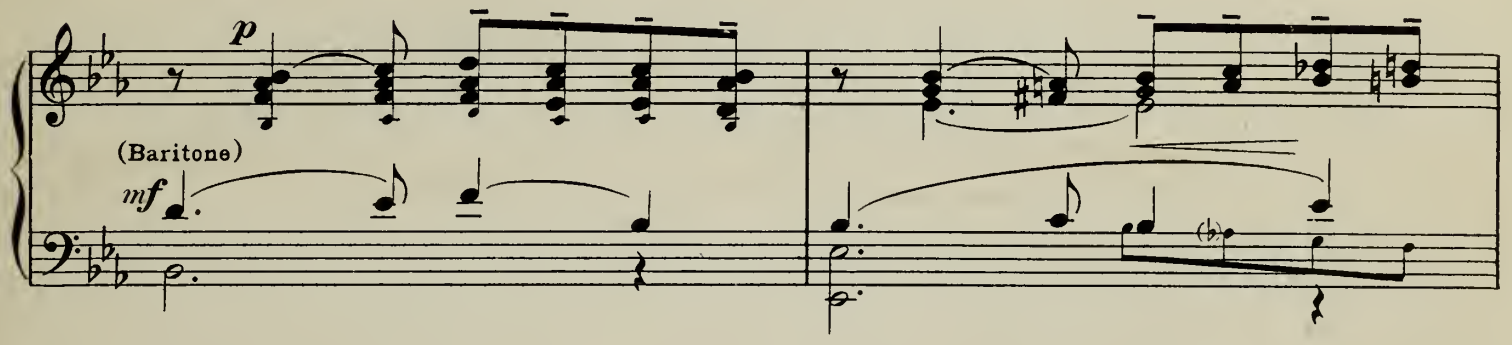
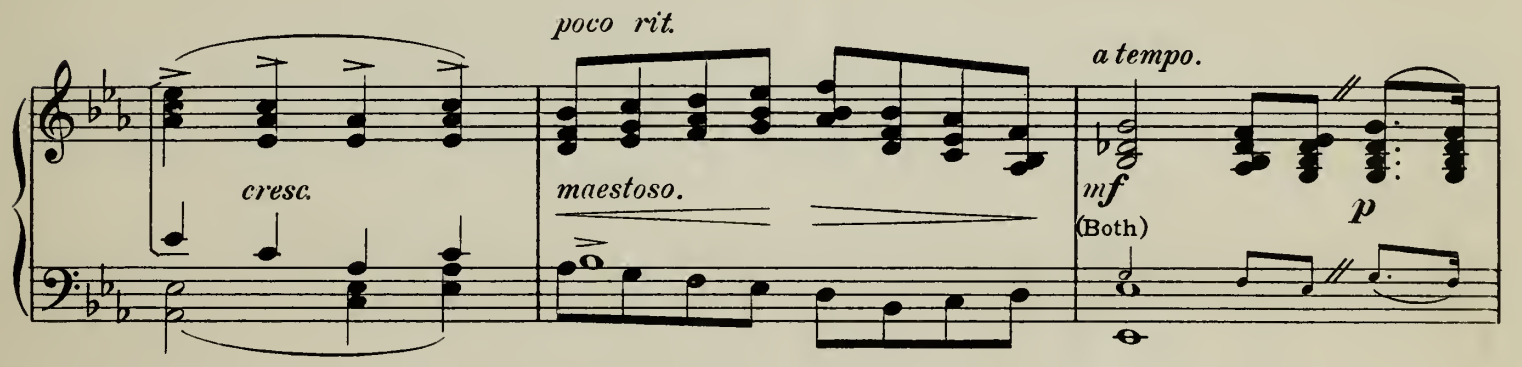
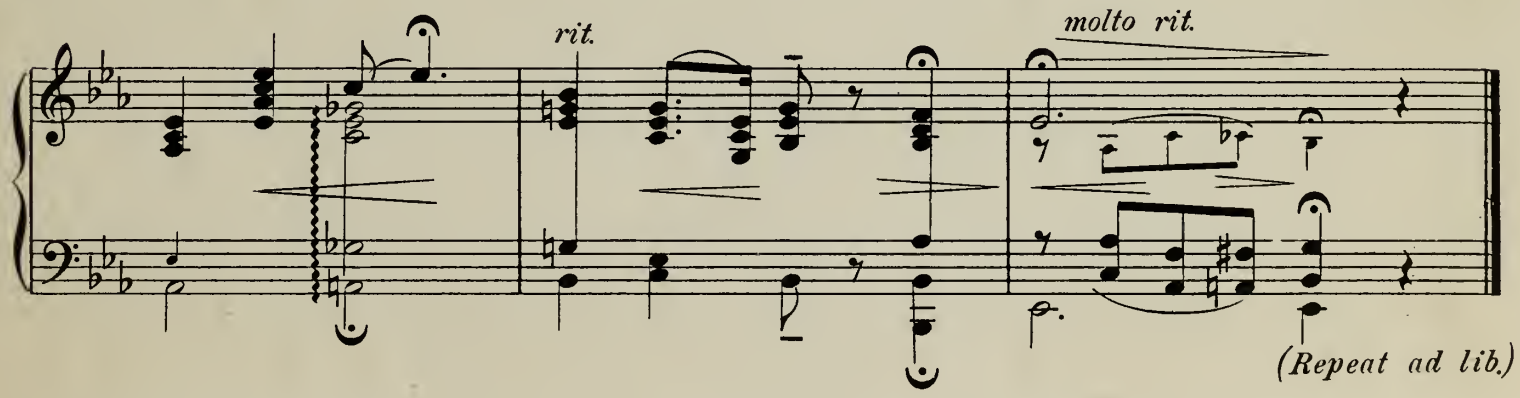

Allegro mod. con brio.
poco ritard.
molto rit.
f
mf
1
2


Moderato con espress.
dolce
f
rit.
(Solo Cornet Cadenza ad lib.)
p
ff
(Cornet)
mp
mf









(As they wind up with "Suwanee River.")

LIEUT. (taking feet off desk and walking about, rather perturbed.) Gee! that makes me want to cry, almost.—*(In a reverie.)* Dearest mother in the world! Sweet sister Ethel; and oh my adorable fiancée Julia, I realize it now. I *may* never see you again.

This World.

BALLAD.

(LIEUT. WALKER.)

Moderato con moto.

mf

1. This
2. And

p dolce.

con espressione.

world's a vast and migh - ty place, O'er
then a - gain how small the world! In

ma - - ny leagues her wand' rers roam, And
track - - less maze and drear - y waste Strong

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yet, how thoughts will rush through space And
men have ev' - ry - where un - furled The

make us close to those at home. My
flag of Pro - gress, fair and chaste. Some

cresc. poco a poco

kin - - - dred dear, from for - - - eign climes a - -
mis - - sive fond I quick may send, and

cres. poco a poco.

cross the bound - less sea, I
part of me it real - ly seems, Yet

f

f

mf

bring my love a thous - and times, as I
nev - - er, save my life should end, could I

know you bring it me! I bring my love a
touch you; but in dreams! Ah! nev - er, save my

rit.

thous and times, As I know you bring it
life should end, Could I touch you; but in

colla voce

p

me!
dreams!

dim.

pp *a tempo, tranquillo.*

LIEUT. I fear, Walker, old boy, you are getting highly sentimental. — Hoho! here they come.

(Enter Schnitzel with Matusco; the latter very obsequious, hat in hand.)

SCHNITZ. Lieutenant Valker, allow me to introdooze Mister Matusky.

(Matusco offers to shake hands, but Walker bows rather coldly; whereat Matusco frowns, immediately recovering himself. He is very effusive.)

MATUSCO. Ah! galan Capitan! Poor Filipino band-a man! Hot dusty road. All tired out. Me son of de great Spanish grandee, Pomposo!

SCHNITZ. Did'n' I tolt you?

LIEUT. Ahem!

MATUSCO. You give de welcome, ha?

LIEUT. That depends on your mission here, senor.

MATUSCO. *(not quite understanding.)* Mission? Oh — yes! You mean-a what I come-a here! *(shrugging shoulders.)* You see yourself senor. I march-a da band; town to town; make-a da leetle money. All-a my banana he gone to Spanish caballeros. All-a my house he goes by da magnifico big-a da bon-fire; after da gran' battle. I am-a da poor honest-a man. I hope you kill all de insurgents also! He make-a me weep!

LIEUT. *(brusquely.)* I'm sorry. This is my busy day. *(Locking desk)* You must excuse me. Mr. Schnitzel, one of your own fraternity, will entertain you, perhaps. *(pointedly)* You speak of insurgents. Have you seen any lately?

MATUSCO. Not for t'ree day; dey all fly-a sout'.

LIEUT. *(aside)* Liar! I know better.

(aloud) Schnitzel!

SCHNITZ. *(saluting.)* Chessir!

LIEUT. I am going to reconnoitre. Give these men something to eat and drink, but

if I am not back — you know the Colonel's orders. All visitors escorted out at four. *(Schnitzel salutes.)*

MATUSCO. *(half aloud)* Ha! dat will be *plenty-a* time!

LIEUT. Adios, senor.

MATUSCO. *(very grandiose bow.)* Adios mio capitan! I hope you catch all-a de insurgent. *(Exit Lieut; Mat. scowls and clenches fist behind back: Schnitzel stamps foot and turns away from Mat., fuming.)*

SCHNITZ. *(getting angrier at each sentence.)* Dese soldchiers t'ink dey so shmart! From de Colonel down to de sendry dey valk all ofer de civilliams! Aint I got no right ter bring a frent ter loog at my own band-room? *(Matusco is trying the lock of the desk and tampering with it.)* Vat I got a band room *for,* anyhow! Dey are all *creenhorns!* Dat's vat dey are. Vere vould dey be now ondly for me? Who made a noise like a cow all night on de French horn to fool de enemy vile ve made corn beef von der *flanks* out? Chess! *I guess chess!* An' dey nearly got me too, de devils! *(sees Mat. opening door, right, and peering sneakily in.)* Hey!! *(Mat. closes door suddenly and turns round scared.)*

MATUSCO. Ha!! ***SCHNITZ*** *(laughing loudly.)* Don't you oben dat door! My private room. I got limberger shtored in dere. You vuddent like it. Not in *dis* climate. *(Laughs again; whereupon Matusco, reassured, smiles.)*

MATUSCO. Ah! I only shut da door to keep-a da wind out.

SCHNITZ. Vell, you're a putty good feller. Sit down, sit down, vile I pring out a little free lunch. I got somet'ing good — chust vat *you* like, an' chust vat *I* like too, hah?

Sit down. *(Bustles about and enters room, right. Mat. again tampers, with a knife, at the lock of desk; on hearing Schnitzel's voice retreats to table left and professes to be very happy. On re-entering Schnitzel has a glass "stein" of beer for himself, a bottle of wine for Matusco, and a small basket of odds and ends of food.)*

SCHNITZ. *(singing off stage)* Oh vere, oh vere is my leedle tog gone? *(Schnitz entering.)* Hush don't shpeak a vord. First ve'll toast de olt coundry; an' den ve'll sing a song. Shpeakin' aint *fancy* enough. *(He clears the books or other things off the little corner table; spreads a cloth; pours wine; and then they drink.)*

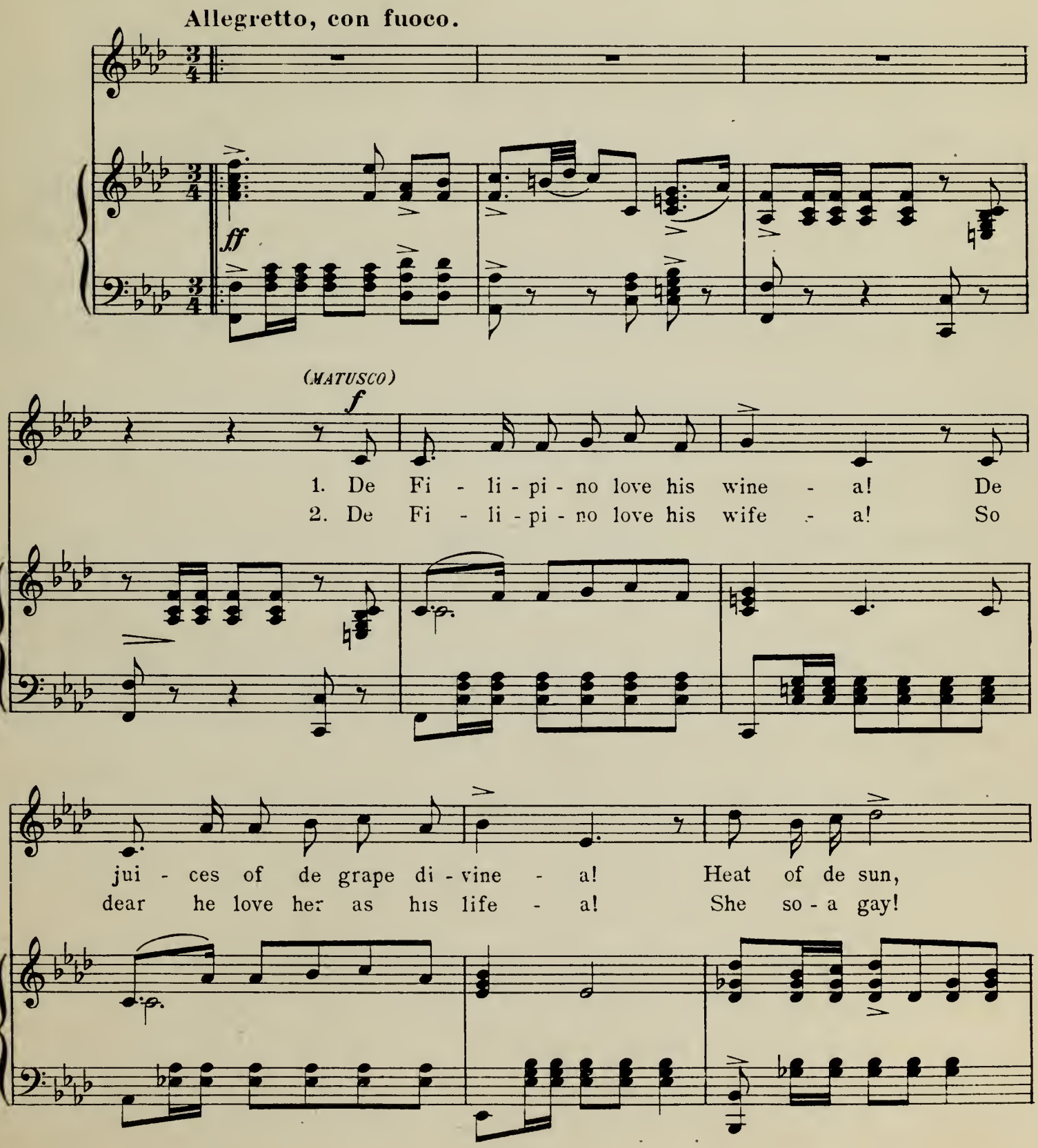
SCHNITZ. Ah!! ***MATUSCO.*** Ah!! I start-a da song.

177329

Bolero.

DUET.

(SCHNITZEL AND MATUSCO.)



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ff

you no - a fun! But grow de love - ly grape so
work or - a play! I got no mon - ey, make no

ff

(SCHNITZEL,

fine - a! so fine - a! so fine! Der
strife - a! no strife - a! no strife! Der

mimicking Spanish style.)

Cher - man - i - no love his beer, oh! Von
Cher - man - i - no love his frow, chess! Ven der

dat he nef - fer hat no fear, oh! Ef - fe - ry clime,
*Sän - ger-bund hat a pig "pow - vow," chess! Cof - fee for vone!

* Pronounced "Seng - er - boond" *(Singing Society)*

P

All von der time! Chust loog at it so fine und
* Kat - zen - jam - mer gone! Der Cher - man vum - mans makes no

clear, oh! so clear, oh! so clear!
row, chess, no row, chess, no row!

(BOTH) *molto giocoso*

1, 2. Sing tra - la - la! Sing tra - la - la! To

sff *sff*

(If too high here, sing in unison on lower part.)

pass de gol - den hours a - vay Sing tra - la - la! Sing
a - way

* Pronounced "Kotzunyommer" *(headache)*

ritard. *a tempo.* *piu lento*

tra - la - la! Half de night, and all de day. Sing tra - la -

colla voce

e pesante. *(a hilarious shout)*

sf

la! sing - a tra - la - la la! Yah!!

DANCE *(after Verse 2.)*

Tempo di Bolero.

mf

p

tr

molto cresc.

ff

MATUSCO. Ah! I have-a da good time, wat you call! But-a my poor men! Shall-a we not geeve dem de good time also_ hey?

(Sentry comes to window, yawning and stretching, and puts head inside.)

SENTRY. Say, ef ye got suthin' ter throw away how's yer old friend Shiverin' Pete out here?

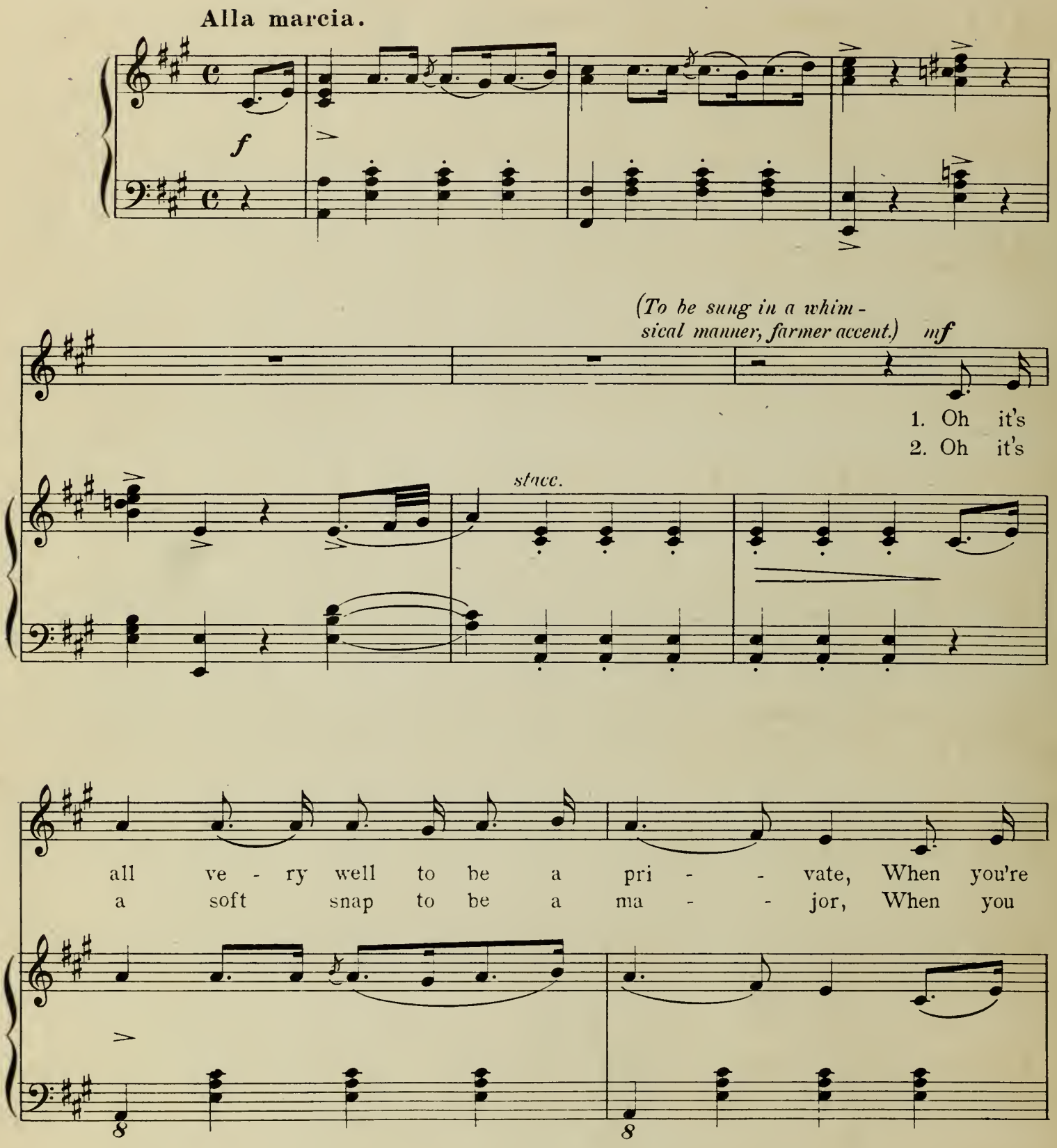
SCHNITZ. Neffer! You haf vonce before t'reatened me mit extingtion dis mornink. You set, "I fill you plump fuller colt lead." Try some yourself. Come along, Matusky; ve fetch in de crowd.

(Exit Mat. and Schnitz. through door, back.) (Enter 'Zeke, who peers nervously about, yawns, and then sings.)

SENTRY'S SONG.

It's All Very Well!

('ZEKE)



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mar - chin' down the bou - le - vard! And it's
call on la - dies bright and gay! And it's

all ve - ry fine to be an of - fi - cer, When you're
one grand dream to be a col - o - nel, When the

dril - lin' in the bar - rack yard; Yes it
en - e - my's a thous - and miles a - way. Or sup -

must be great to be a Cap - - ting, When the
pose you find your - self a Gen - e - ral, With your

or - der - ly's a shin - in' of your shoes, But this
med - als all strung in a row, You can

wea - ry, drea - ry, skee - ry sen - try - go, By
stand on a hill, take your fill of the kill, Like a

(*Sung*

gum, it gives me the blues! (Some - thin'
dude a - look - in' on at a show. (It's the

or spoken.)

tells me I'm a go - in' to de - sert.)
id - i - ots in front a' git - tin' hurt!)

CHORUS.

"Who goes there?" what the dick - ens do I care When I've
"Who goes there?" what the dick - ens do I care? All the

(Repeat from here for Dance after Verse 2.)

got soft corns on my feet! While the
night my nerves are on the rack; While the

screech owl's hoot - in' makes spikes of my hair, And there
big black shad - ders go sneak - in' o'er the square, And I

ain't a sin - gle thing in sight to eat!
half ex - pect a dag - ger in my back!

D. C.

(Chorus repeated on 2nd verse, for pantomimic "sentry-go" dance or march back and forth.)

SENTRY, (trying first the "stein" and then the bottle.) Nary drop left, the stingy skunks! *(helps himself to cakes.)* I'm goin' to the mess tent and git a little biled ham. After that, another snooze under the pa'm trees, even ef it costs a day in the calaboose, by chowder! *(Exit, with mouth full.)*

(Enter Lieutenant Walker, at back, crosses stage cautiously, revolver in hand, and stands in door for a moment, at right.)

LIEUT. Now to do a little "spy" business myself. Two can play at that game I think. *(Disappears into room.)*

(Enter Bill and Mike, laughing.)

BILL. Dawgorndest lot o' yaller jack rabbits *I* ever seen! But by the Great Horn Spoon, they *kin* blow *some,* partner!

MIKE. 'Faith, Oi belave ye! These Phillypainies is nutty on the subjick av music. Banjo, flute, bagpoipes or th' pianner, 'tis ahll the same to 'em, an' as natural and aisy as ould Paddy O'Brien unscrewin' his cork leg to wallop his granny wid! But whin it comes to th' fitness o' things, man aloive! they've no moore nawshun than an arrmy mule. There wuz a bunch at Manilly picked up "Hot toime i' th' ould town." They played it till they wuz blue i' th' face. T'ought it wuz th' national anthem, I spawze. One day they escoorted a native funeril percession into th' cathaydral with it; and whin they marrched th' pore divil to th' cemetery an' buried him to th' very solemn chune of "Ahfther th' ball is over" says Oi to mesilf, ''Tis Moike Cafferrty is very glad he's Oirish'. They do know enuff over there, at a wake fer instance, to confoine thimselves to a dacent sober chune, loike "The wearin' av the grane."

BILL. Ha ha ha! Mike, you're all right! *(A shout offstage.)* Hello, what's all the shoutin' about? *(Looks out at door.)* Here comes the rabble, with old "Dutch" at the head.

(Enter Schnitzel, Matusco, Native Filipino men and women, U. S. soldiers, bandsmen etc. and lastly, keeping somewhat hidden, Pasquita.)

SCHNITZEL, (excited beyond measure.) Hooray, poys an' girls! Ve're goink to haf a picnic. Vere's dem two slafes of mine? Der scoundrels!

(Enter Jamalal and Bingdad, anxious to please, but awkward, not knowing quite what to make of the situation. The soldiers and natives produce cards, and, squatting in groups, begin to play. The girls are coquettish and vivacious. Some have guitars, others castanets and tambourines. The native bandsmen bring their instruments in with them. These are set in corners and on the desk. The stage is all hubbub for a moment or two; Pasquita always keeping as far away from Matusco as she can. At first he does not see her, being near front of stage. Schnitzel shoves the two servants off at door, right.)

SCHNITZ. (to Jam. and Bing.) Hurry up! Git a viggle on you, and pring out efery-t'ink you kin findt. *(They enter later with refreshments) (Turning to the girls.)* Now, vich of you charmink tropical kveens iss goink to sing der fairst sonk? *(They do not answer.)* Ach! dat's so; you don't undershtant me. Vell. dis is vat I vant — *(sings a ridiculous snatch of a yodel, and playing imaginary castanets, dances a few steps of Spanish waltz, and then points to the girls, beseeching them in gestures to sing and dance.)*

(All the girls except Pasquita) Ah! Pasquita!

(They push her forward; she is very unwilling. Matusco starts at sight of her. She feigns not to know him.)

MATUSCO, (aside.) Pasquita! Will-a she know me? I think-a not. I grow-a de big mustacho. Ha! what-a do I care!

1st Soldier. Hark, lads! A song! *2nd Soldier.* Listen boys!

SCHNITZ. (to card players who are in the way.) Moof ofer a leedle von't you, please? Dat's right. Now! De fairst nummer on de programp vill be a sonk an' danz py Miss — Vat-dit-you-say de lady's name iss?

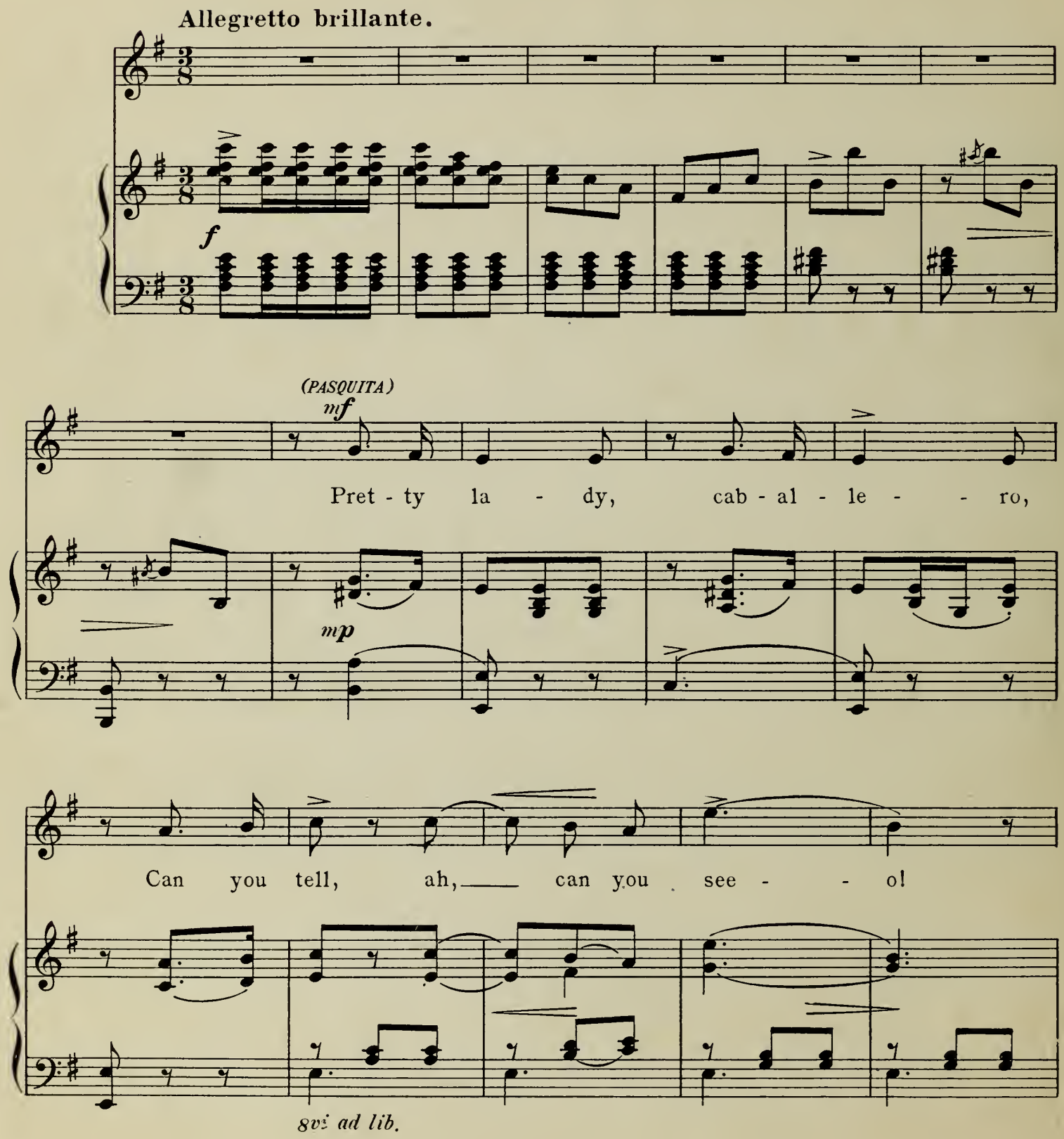
GIRLS, (understanding by his expression and gestures.) Pasquita!

ALL, (in the manner of a salute.) Pasquita!!

SCHNITZ, chess! By Miss Moskeeta!

Valse Espagnole.

"JOSĒ" *(PASQUITA, PRINCIPALS, AND CHORUS.)*



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What makes my heart so gay, All thro' the

p

long sum - mer day? 'Tis the face of my

lov - er, On the brooch that he gave to me - -

3

f *poco rit.*

o! Ah! how brave Is my

f

mf *leggiero.*

sweet, kind Jo - sē! Far up on the

colla voce

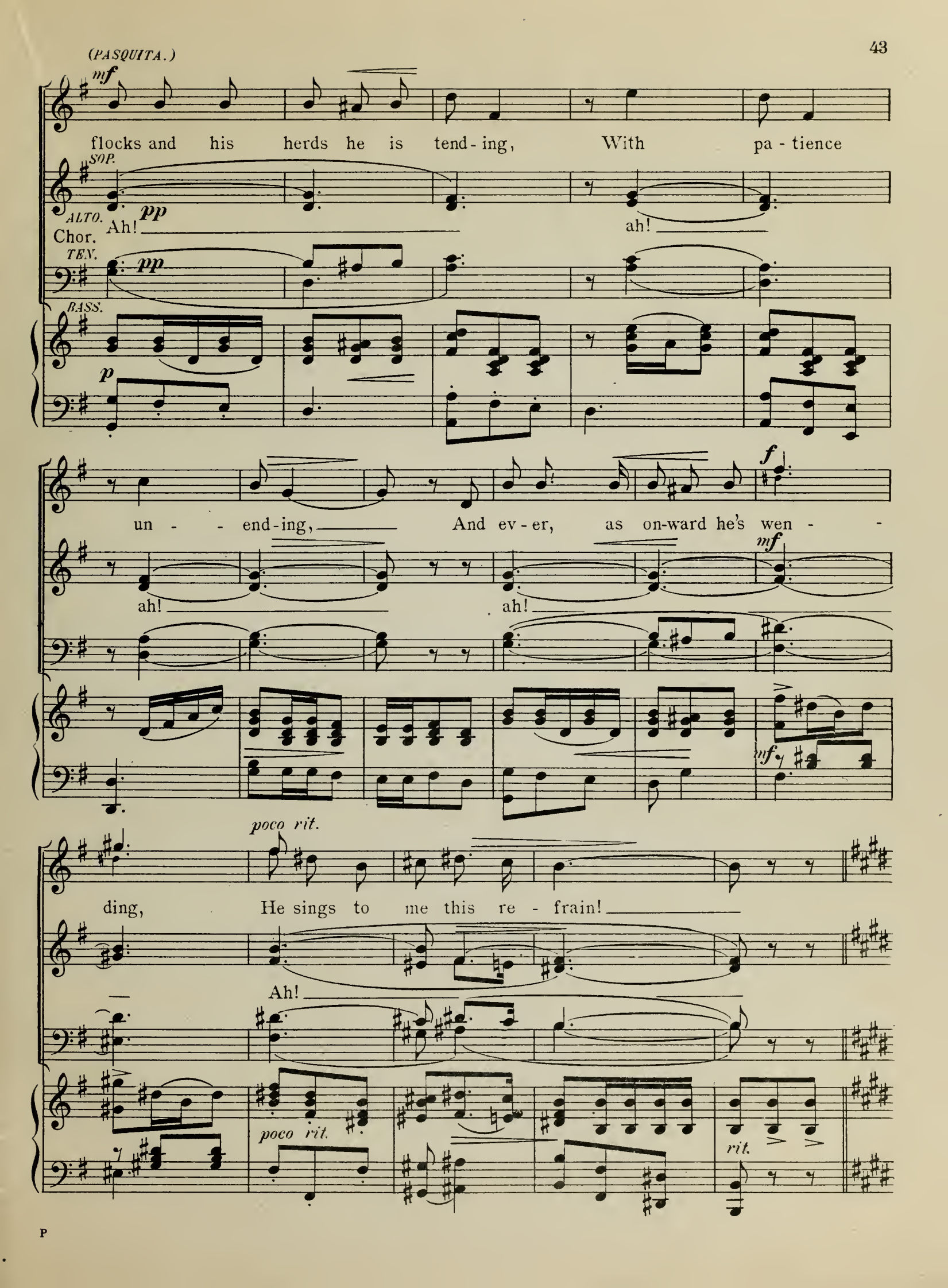
rocks he is hie - ing, Where vul - tures are

fly - ing, I stand in the val - ley low ly - -

poco rit. *a tempo.* *mf*

ing, Wav - ing "a - di - os" a - gain; His

poco rit. *a tempo*


(PASQUITA.)
mf
flocks and his herds he is tend-ing, With pa-tience
SOP.
ALTO.
Chor.
Ah!
pp
ah!
TEN.
pp
BASS.
p
un - - end-ing, And ev-er, as on-ward he's wen - -
f
ah!
ah!
mf
mf
poco rit.
ding, He sings to me this re - frain!
Ah!
poco rit.
rit.

MALE CHORUS. *(with Matusco, Schnitzel, and other male principals on the melody, if not too high; or, if preferred, with Pasquita on melody.)*

(TENORS.) *f* *rit.* "I must die, love, if my love should ev - er be false for a

(BASSES.) *a tempo*

rit. *a tempo* *stacc.*

rit. *ff* *a tempo, con ritmo pesante.*

day! Oh, then, try love, I cry love, to

ff

rit. *ff*

think of your lov-er al - way!"

allargando

FULL CHORUS. (PASQUITA with SOPRANOS)

(Principal men on Tenor and Bass.)

SOP. ff rit. a tempo

ALTO. (ALTOS divide)

"I must die, love, if my love should ev - er be

TEN. ff (TENORS div.)

BASS. ff rit. a tempo

false for a day! Oh, then,

(ALTS. div.) (TENORS divide)

sff try love, I cry love, to think of your lov - er al - way!"

sff rit.

Non troppo allegro.

mf

"Jo - sē you need nev - er doubt me; Though you
"Jo - sē you need nev - er wor - ry, Nev - er

mp

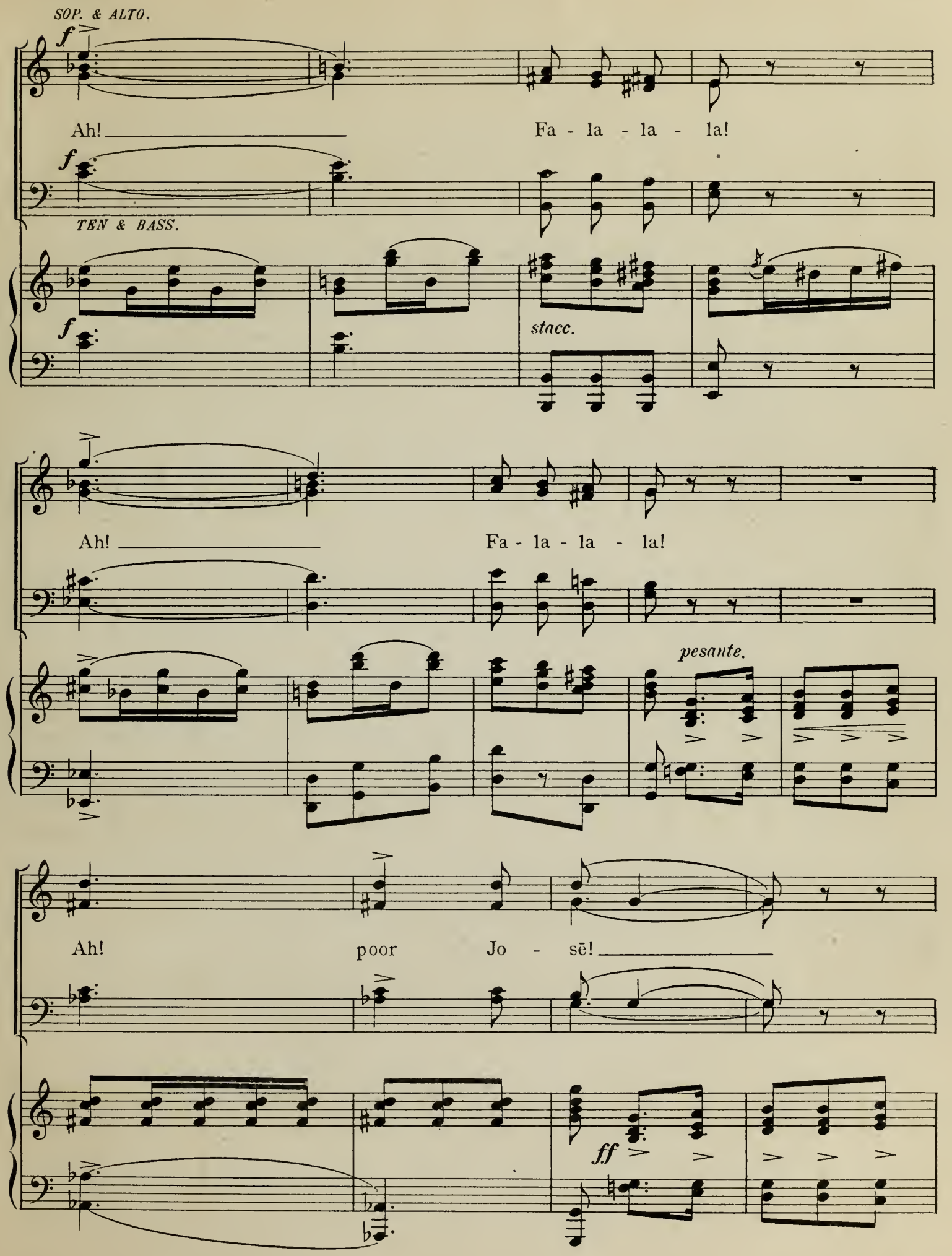
flout me and scout me and rout me,
hur - ry or scur - ry or flur - ry,

mf

All there is wick - ed a - bout me, is, I
You know I al - ways am sor - ry when I

like to tease Jo - sē!"
fail to please Jo - - - - sē!"

1 2


SOP. & ALTO.
f
Ah!
Fa - la - la - la!
f
TEN & BASS.
f
stacc.
Ah!
Fa - la - la - la!
pesante.
Ah!
poor
Jo - sē!
ff

Ah! dear Jo - sē, Fa - la - la - la - la -

ff *unison.*

la! "Jo - sē you need nev - er wor - ry,

unison.

cresc. *con tutta forza*

sff

con 8vi

Nev - er hur - ry, or scur - ry, or flur - ry,

ff

8

You know I al - ways am sor - ry When I fail to

please Jo - sē!"

f deciso.

(PASQUITA)

mf

Pret - ty la - dy, cab - al - le - - ro, Can you

mp

see, ah! can you see - - o! What makes my

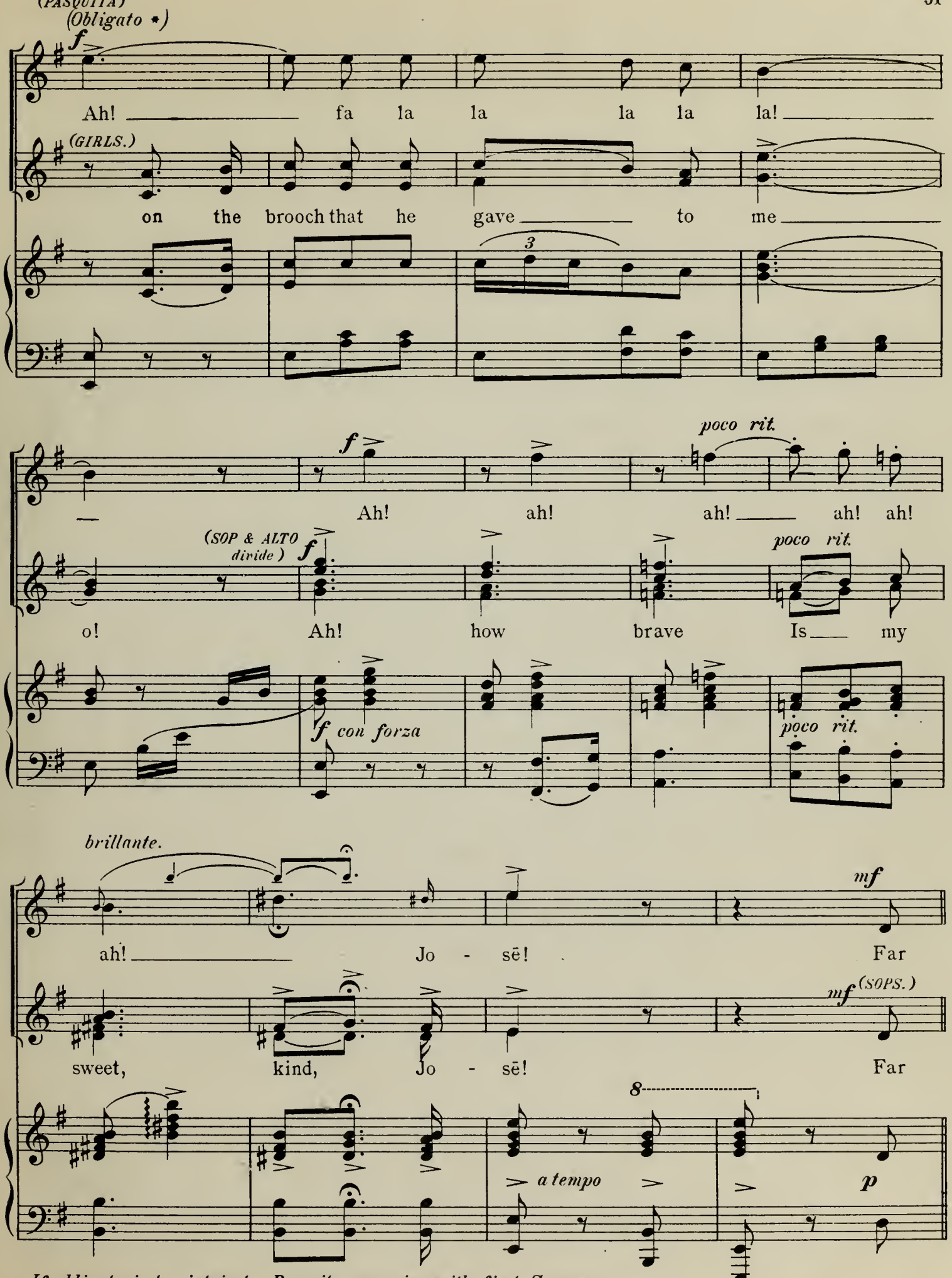
con gvi ad lib.

heart so gay, All thro' the long sum - mer

day? (GIRLS)

mf unison

Tis the face of my loy - - er



* If obligato is too intricate, Pasquita may sing with first Sopranos.

(PASQUITA with SOPRANOS)

SOP. & ALTO.

up on the rocks he is hie - ing,

mf *Alto marcato*

Ah!

TENOR & BASS

(Imitating the playing of mandolins and guitars.)

mf

Plink - a - plunk! plink - a - plunk! plink - a - plunk!

p

Where vul - tures are

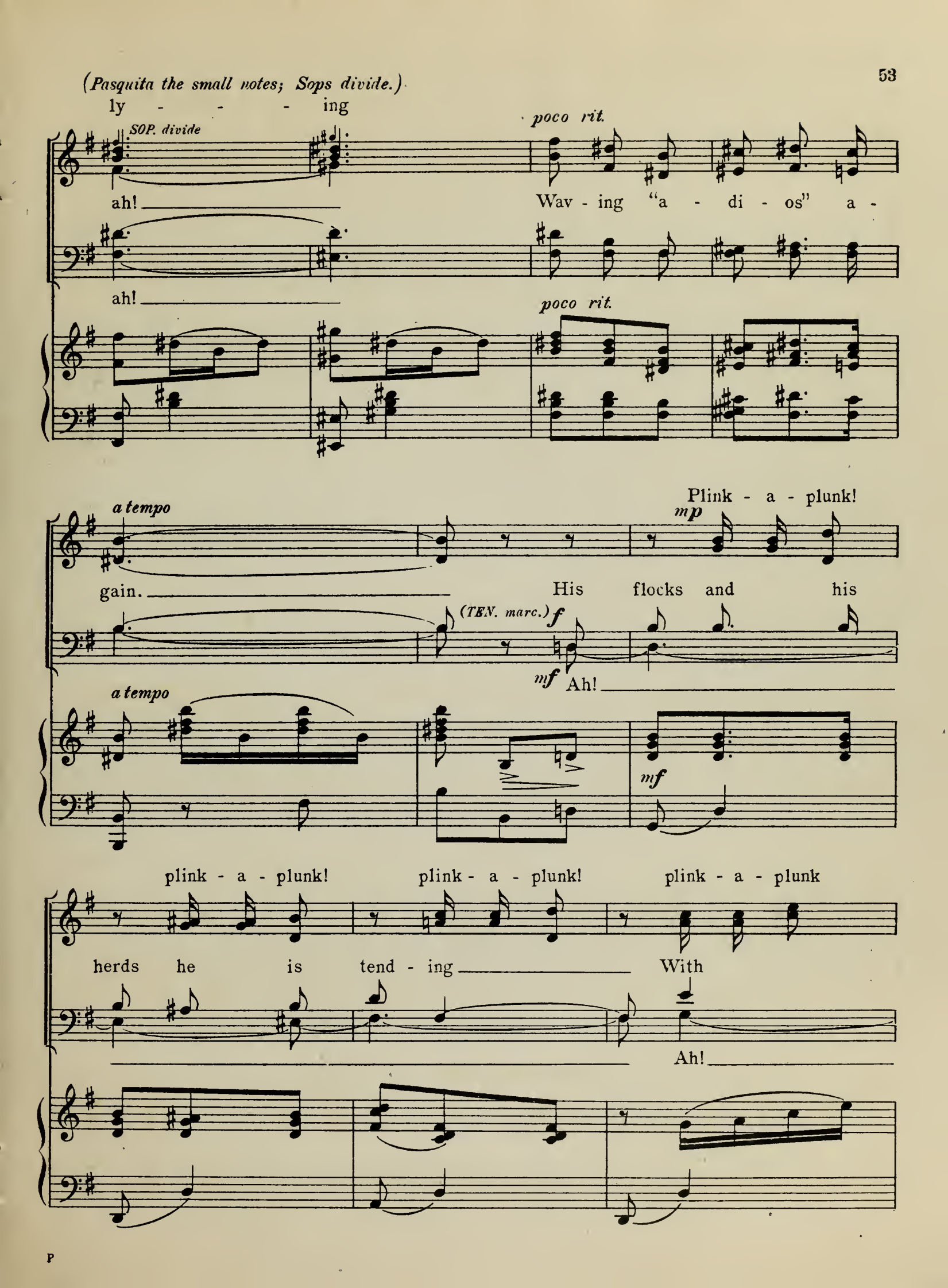
ah! ah!

plink - a - plunk! plink - a - plunk oh,

fly - ing, I stand in the val - ley low

ah!

plunk, plunk, plunk, plunk!


(Pasquita the small notes; Sops divide.)
ly - - - - ing
SOP. divide
poco rit.
ah!
Wav - ing "a - di - os" a -
ah!
poco rit.
a tempo
Plink - a - plunk!
mp
gain.
His flocks and his
(TEN. marc.) f
mf Ah!
a tempo
mf
plink - a - plunk!
plink - a - plunk!
plink - a - plunk
herds he is tend - ing
With
Ah!

plink - a - plunk! plink - a - plunk! plunk, plunk, plunk! And

pa - tience un - - end - ing

ah

ev - er as on - ward he's wend - - ing,

cresc.

SOP. divide

ah! ah!

ah! ah!

cresc.

f poco rit.

He sings to me this re - frain.

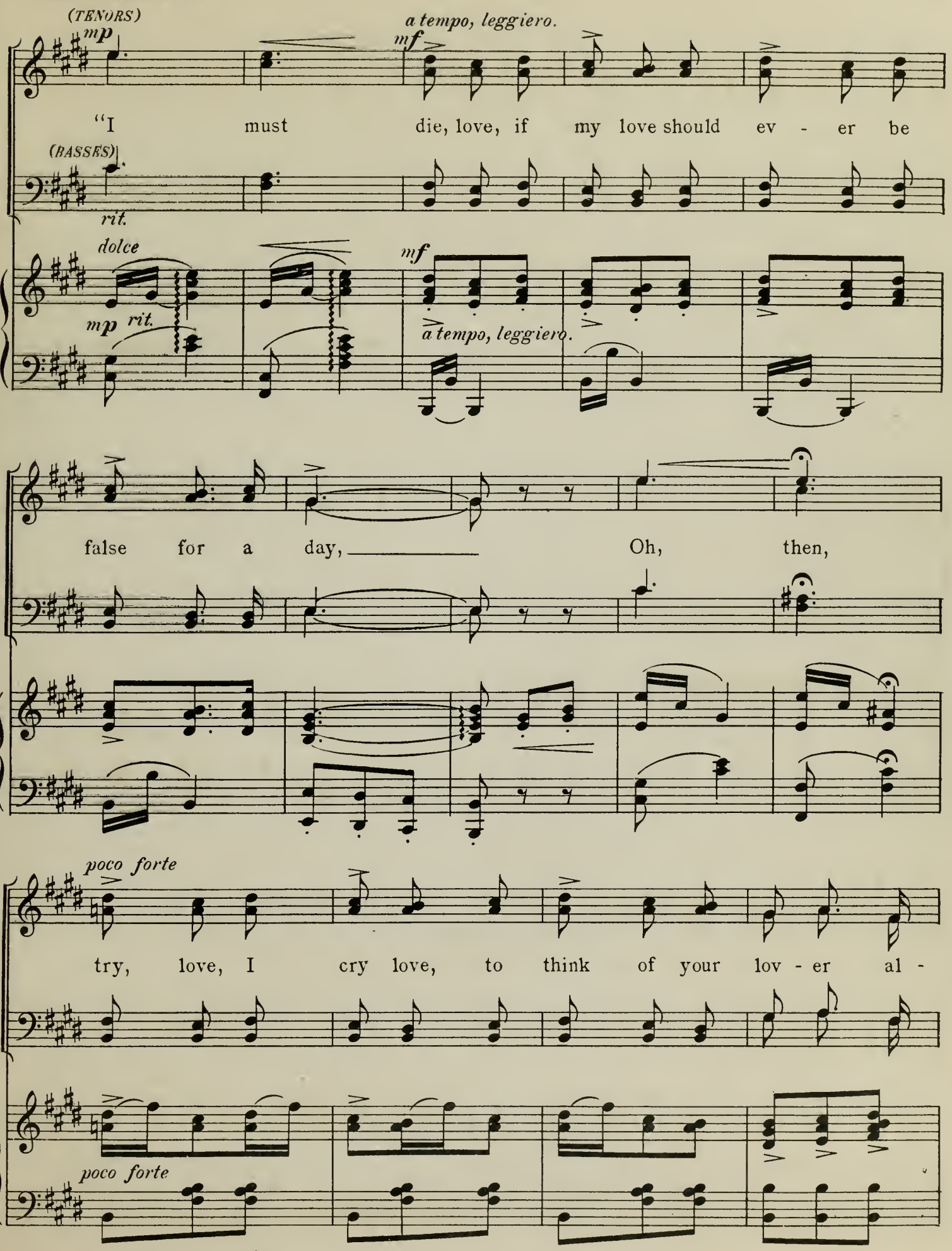
poco rit.

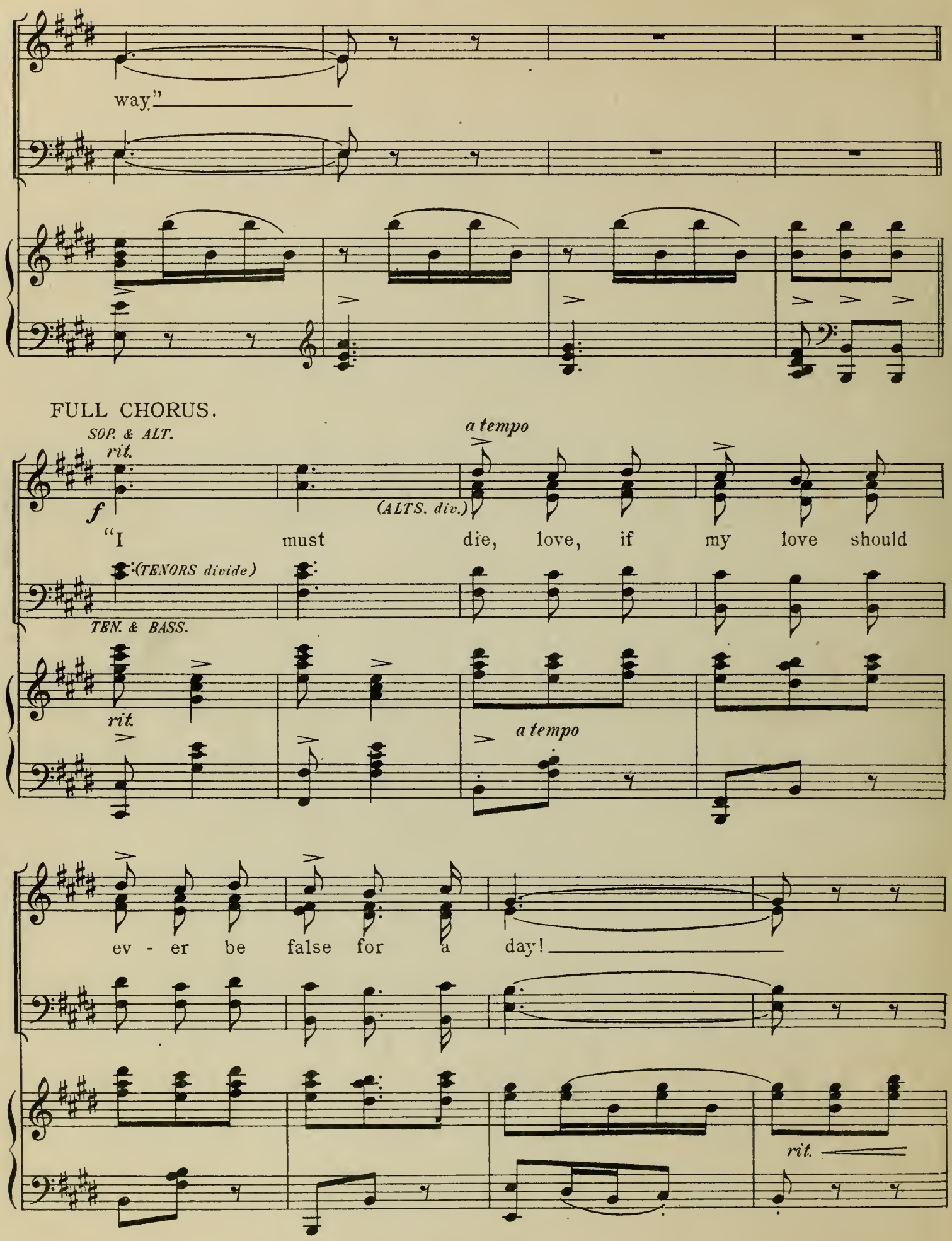
f

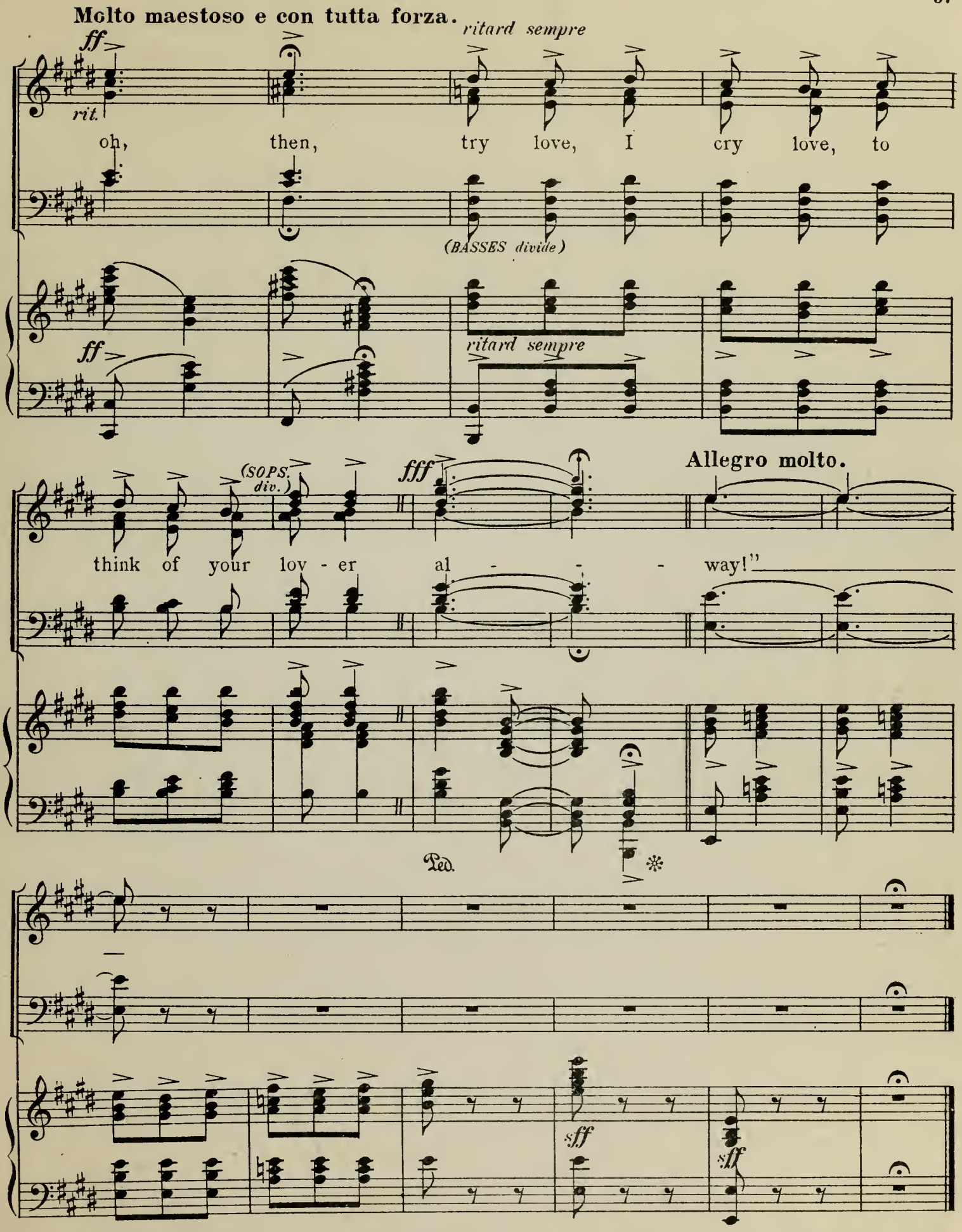
rit. molto

dim.

MALE CHORUS.


(TENORS)
mp
a tempo, leggiero.
mf
"I must die, love, if my love should ev - er be
(BASSES)
rit.
dolce
mp rit.
mf
a tempo, leggiero.
false for a day, Oh, then,
poco forte
try, love, I cry love, to think of your lov - er al -
poco forte


way."
FULL CHORUS.
SOP. & ALT.
rit.
f
a tempo
(ALTS. div.)
"I must die, love, if my love should
(TENORS divide)
TEN. & BASS.
rit.
a tempo
ev - er be false for a day!
rit.



Note: While Pasquita is singing alone, and especially where men are singing without them, the girls should dance, or at least pose and swing to and fro in Spanish style. Color and motion are the main requirements of this number.

(Jam. and Bing. have by this time brought in refreshments for all.)

SCHNITZEL, (bustling about, filling glasses and cups from a large pitcher, almost beside himself with joy.) Pravo! Pravissimo! Dat is petter as I can do myself! Fill 'em up again, poys! Senorita, your healt'!

(Here may be introduced any specialties the producer thinks appropriate; though there should not be too many, or the action will suffer. For instance— A native dance by Jamalal and Bingdad. A cornet solo by Schnitzel or Matusco, etc. Short speeches should announce all such numbers. Aim at variety. While Schnitzel is speaking the next few lines the native men form a cordon about the desk, screening Matusco, who again tampers with the lock and finally obtains papers. These he hastily and excitedly secretes about his person, in full view of audience, returning to the crowd after closing desk.)

SCHNITZEL, (a trifle unsteady.) Now chust to be sochiable, I vill recite you a little poem vat I am very proud off. My grant-fader made it. He vas a school-meister,*) so it's putty goot. Now let me t'ink. How does de fairst vorts go?

(Cannot remember.)

Oh chess! Dis is it!

(With overdone elocution)

"Long time ago, ven de fields vas fuller shnow, And de poor peoples hat to go an' beg; Dere came to my door, and vent shtumpink on der floor, A man who vished to sell his vooden leg.

I says to der man *(forgets)* I says to der man" Ach! I fergit it. Vell, anyhow, of course my grantfader vouldn't use a poor olt man's leg for kindlink vood. I guess he gave him a leedle money und a lot of beer und everyt'ing vas alright after vile. Drink up poys!

MATUSCO. Ha! Long-a life to (**)Herr Spitzel.

(*) pronounced "mighster."
(**) pronounced "Hare."

ALL. Ha! Hooray! etc. *(hubbub.)*

(Enter Lieutenant Walker, nodding and smiling, very much at his ease; saunters to center of stage, near Matusco. The Soldiers salute him.)

LIEUTENANT, (banteringly.) Having lots of fun, aren't we?

SCHNITZEL. Vy, Lieutenant! I t'ought you vas miles avay!

LIEUT. (coolly) So I was. I've returned.

MATUSCO. Ah! Capitan! Will-a you not drink with us? *(Offers a metal cup.)*

(Lieut. knocks cup from his hand and covers him with revolver. Bill and Mike seize him, while Lieut. covers the rest of Natives. General panic.)

LIEUT. (to his own men.) These are spies. Disarm them. *(The Americans do so.)* Search this one thoroughly. *(indicating Mat.)*

MATUSCO, (struggling.) Madre de Dios! Capitan_ you let-a me go! What-a you call dis-hey?

PASQUITA, (rushing forward and snapping fingers in Matusco's face.) Ah! friend-a Matusco! I win-a da game! Gloria! Triunfo! Ha ha ha!

MATUSCO, (enraged.) So! so! It ees all *you* beezness, eh? Somebody will-a look after you, Senorita! *(Papers are found and handed to Lieut.)*

LIEUT. (glaring at Schnitz.) I thought as much! Men, these fascinating musician friends of yours are a special deputation from Aguinaldo. While you have been so confoundedly hilarious in their honor, this scalliwag has rifled my desk. Here's my message to Winfield, and the colonel's plan of attack for Thursday. And a map of the fortifications at Bangalang. Pretty 'cute! Pretty 'cute!

SCHNITZEL, (stupefied.) I'm speechless!

LIEUT. (kicking him.) I'll put you in irons, you fool!

SCHNITZEL, (gloomily.) I guess I commit suicide!

LIEUT. (hard voice.) March 'em out and shoot every one of 'em!

MATUSCO. Aguinaldo will-a revenge! You-a be careful, Senor!

GIRLS, (imploring.) Capitan! Senor! No kill-a da Filipino man! No! No! No!

LIEUT. Why not?

GIRLS. Ah! No,! No,!! No!!!

LIEUT. (to audience) Wish I had the power! Here's where I have a little fun with Matusco. *(aloud to Pasquita.)* Senorita, what would *you* do with him?

PASQUITA, (surveying Mat. scornfully) I have had-a my revenge! Let-a him go. He is no a worth the trouble!

MATUSCO. Good-a girl! I remember dat word, Pasquita!

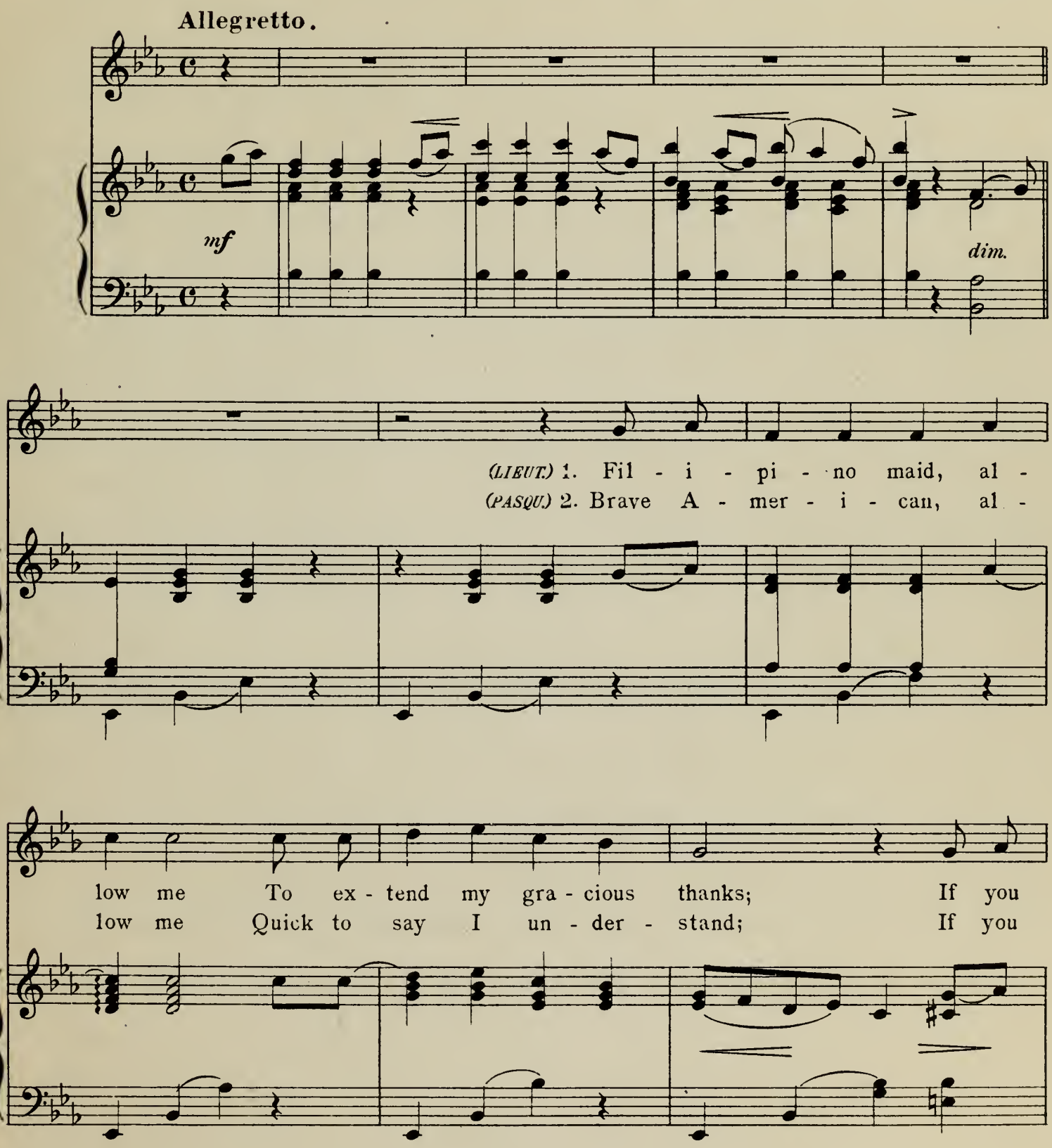
LIEUT. Well_ I should like to oblige a lady. I generally do. You see, my friend, this girl is a real sport. You ought to grovel at her feet and sue for pardon. But unfortunately the matter is serious, and not at my disposal. You must permit me to detain you in the guard house till this evening, when the Colonel returns from his little trip. You will all be tried by courtmartial tomorrow, and, if you can then convince him of your innocence, all well and good so far as I am concerned. Company attention! Forward march! Hip! Hip!

(The drum is sounded; soldiers march them off in single file to guard-room outside. All but a few girls, Jamalal and Bingdad, follow. These last remain on stage and look through door and window.)

The Tropical Isle of Luzon.

DUET.

(PASQUITA AND LIEUTENANT.)



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were but a man then sure - ly I should want you in our
were Phi - lip - pine then sure - ly You would hug me, out of

ranks. Cour - a - geous girls as you are, Are the
hand. When men like pret - ty maid - ens Ov - er

kind I most en - thuse on; I'd fall in love di -
here, they show ex - act - ly And plain - ly how they're

rect - ly If I had some oth - er men's shoes on! I should
feel - ing, While love is o'er them steal - ing. Ve - ry

like to be your bro - ther, Tho' my heart is with an -
well then, be my bro - ther; Tho' your heart is with an -

oth - er; I should dear - ly prize a kiss, But I'm en -
oth - er You would dear - ly prize a kiss, But you're en -

poco rit.

gaged to an - oth - er miss, O beau - ti - ful maid - en of Lu - zon!
gaged to an - oth - er miss, O big, gal - lant sol - dier of Lu - zon!

poco rit.

REFRAIN.

Con moto, non troppo allegro.

So let's shake hands in A - mer - i - can style, and tread - ing a fan - ci - ful

a tempo

dance. the while, Wish a long, long life to this trop - i - cal isle This

DANCE and CHORUS of GIRLS.
(Bingdad and Jamalal on melody if sing-

mem - or - a - ble Isle of Lu - zon! So lets shake hands in A -

ing. It would be better perhaps for them to merely dance; or to keep time with cocoanuts, or sand-

mer - i - can style, and tread - ing a fan - ci - ful dance the while, Wish a

paper, while the others dance.)

long long life to this tro - pi-cal isle, This mem-o-ra-ble Isle of Lu - zon!

D. C.

(Enter Bill, Mike, 'Zeke, Schnitzel, and the rest of the Americans; the girls following.)

BILL, (saluting:) Orders carried out, sir!

MIKE, (aside) Oi give him a cupple mesilf, fer good luck!

SCHNITZ. (aside.) De vorst of it is, he t'inks *I* gafe him avay. *I* didn't tolt him to come here. It ain't none o' *my* pitzness.

LIEUT. Schnitzel, you'll have to be on your best behavior for a while, to redeem yourself! Give us a little lively music, to clear the air. Something patriotic and cheerful.

SCHNITZEL. Chessir. Say poys, deir instruments is shtill here. Let's try out der new march vat I wrote last night. *(Begins to hand out copies, while they finger the instruments.)*

LIEUT. What's the name of the march?

SCHNITZ. (laughing) It's like my grantfader's billy goat, it aint got no name!

LIEUT. Then I'll give it a good one. Call it "Pasquita!"

ALL! "Pasquita!" Hurrah!

(The band strikes up a march. The words are sung by all not playing in the band; and, except at the last, the band should not be allowed to overbalance voices. When the proper moment is reached the band should make a good resonant climax and the others burst into loud cheering. Schnitzel as leader, does a contortionist act, and with Pasquita and Lieutenant in center stage; some one producing a "Stars and Stripes;" the two Native servants doing a clog dance at one side and Schnitzel and the band at the other, the whole stage should represent great animation and fervor in the final tableau.)

FINALE.

(ENSEMBLE AND BAND.)

Allegro moderato.

f

(PASQUITA and GIRLS)

mf

Mes - ti - zo, Tag - a - log, In pal - ace or in bog,

Lieut; Schnitz, Jam, Bing, and Men; (all those left on stage — not in the band;) (those off stage

Come to your new white friend

to sing hidden in wings.)

Come, come, come,

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Off all the bur-dens shake That caused your backs to break, Come, all in

joy shall end! end!

sff *sff*

quasi forte *cresc.*

Wo - men of this pret - ty isle, Show them peace is worth the while,

leggiero e staccato *sff*

mf *sff* *crēsc.*

Men will fol - low where you lead, Teach the child to read!

Make your hus-bands go to school, Show them they can't with you fool,

Noth-ing comes un - less we work, Du-ty do not shirk! shirk!

ff

mf

Pas -

dolce e tranquillo

qui - - - ta must cross the o - cean, To that

mf dolce e tranquillo.

glo - - rious coun-try U. - S. - A. She'll

A. U. S. A.

find ma - ny things to charm her As she

flits a - bout it day by day; Pas -

qui - - - ta will nev - er fret there, Such a

cresc.

cresc.

get ___ there!

wel - come she will get, Such a wel - come! From

marcato

f

(SOPS. divide)

all ___ sorts and ev - 'ry kind of folks, In

fine, dan - dy U. S. A. ___

(Orchestra and stage band; evolutions and military "business" for the others.)

f *sempre staccato*

ff *Molto maestoso. allargando*

CHORUS.

con forza *ff*

Pas - qui - - - ta must cross the

a tempo *ff*

o - - cean, To that glo - - rious coun-try, U. S.

A _____ She'll find ma - ny things to

charm her _____ As she flits a - bout it day by

day; _____ Pas - qui - - - ta will nev - er fret there, ___

cresc.

get there!

Such a wel - come she will get, Such a

Such a

cresc.

marcato

f

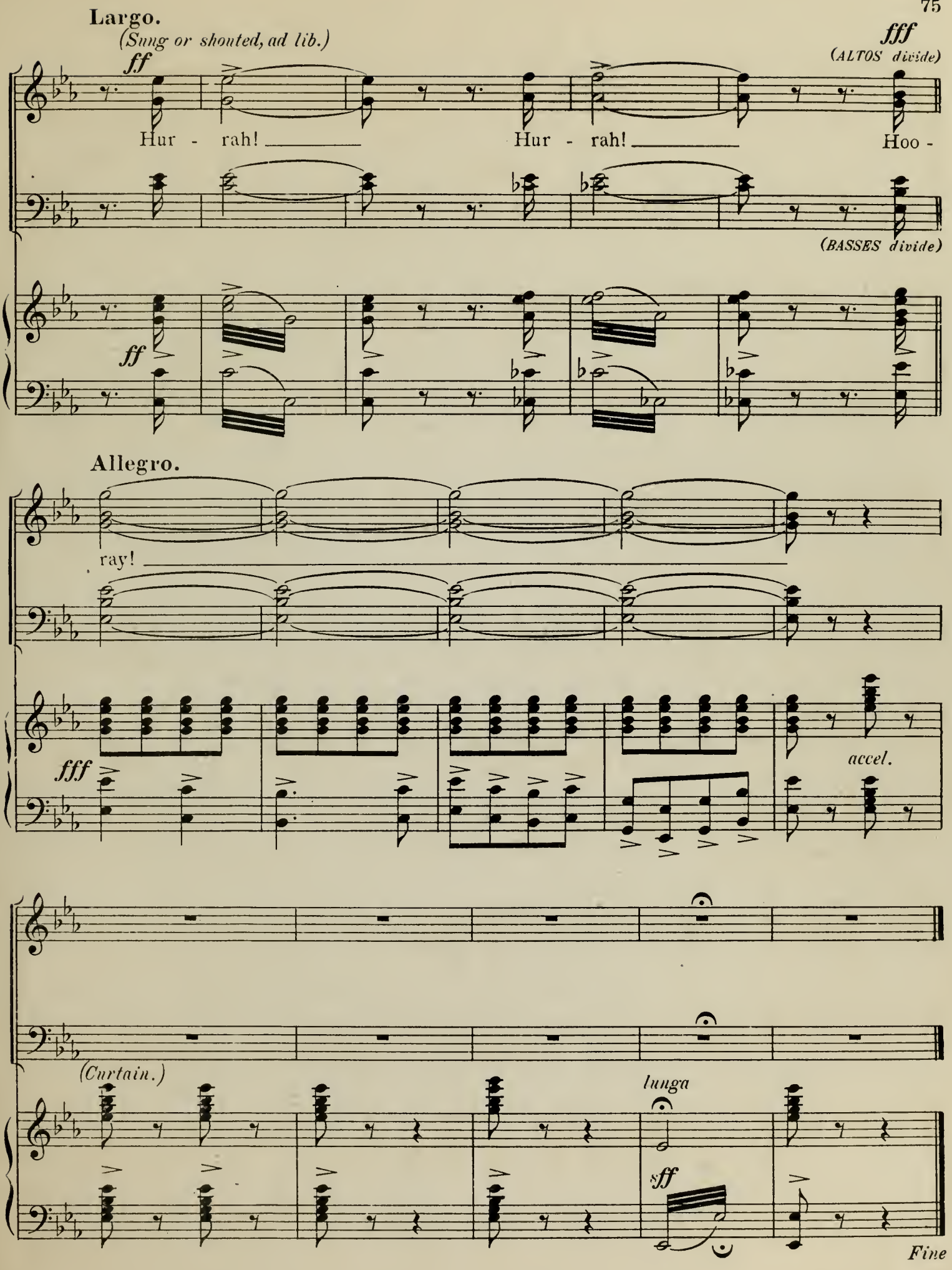
(SOPS. divide)

wel - come! From all sorts and ev' - ry kind of

wel - come! From

f

folks, In fine, dan - dy U.- S. - A.


Largo.
(Sung or shouted, ad lib.)
ff
fff
(ALTOS divide)
Hur - rah! Hur - rah! Hoo -
(BASSES divide)
ff
Allegro.
ray!
fff
accel.
(Curtain.)
lunga
sff
Fine

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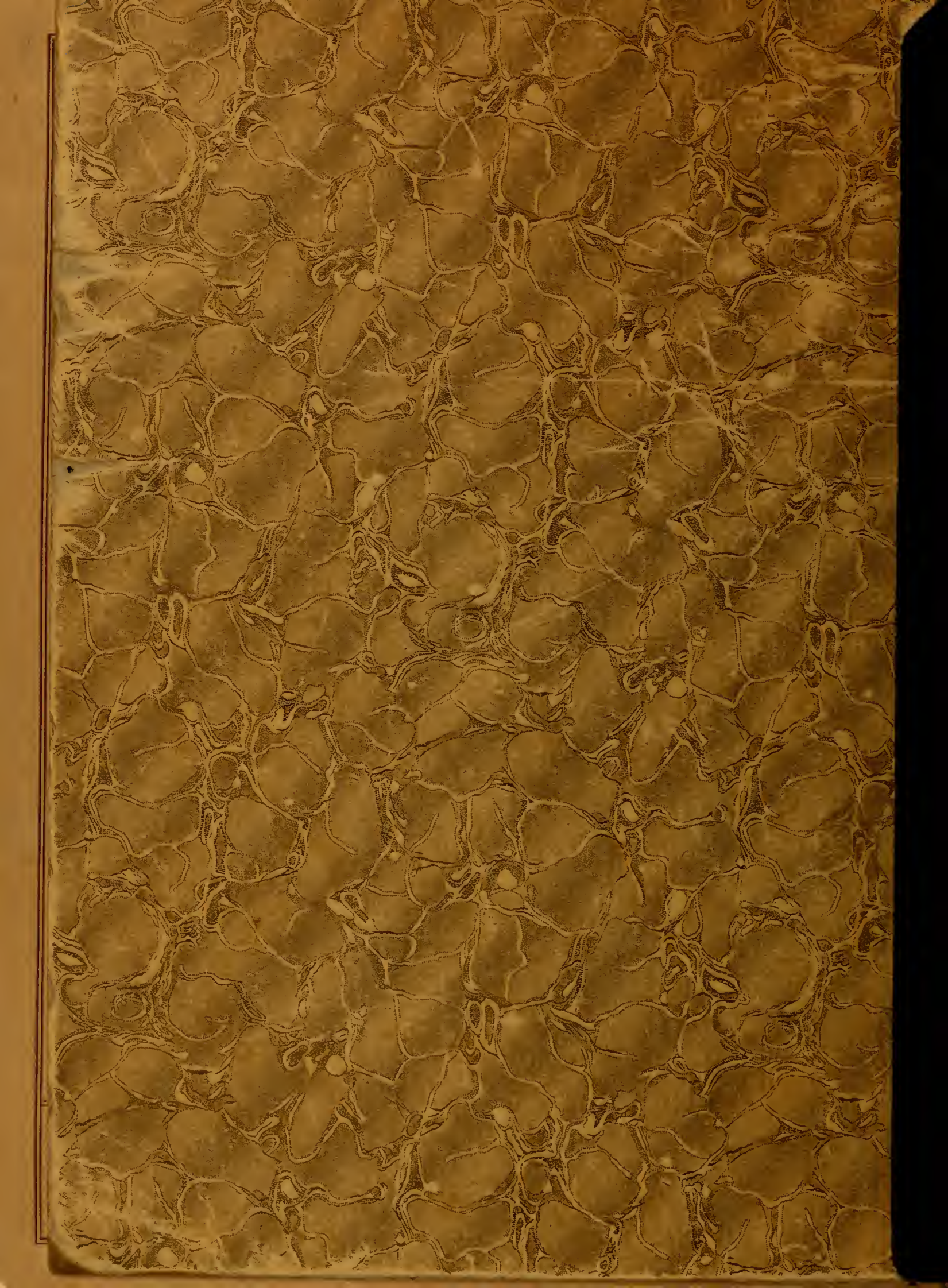
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